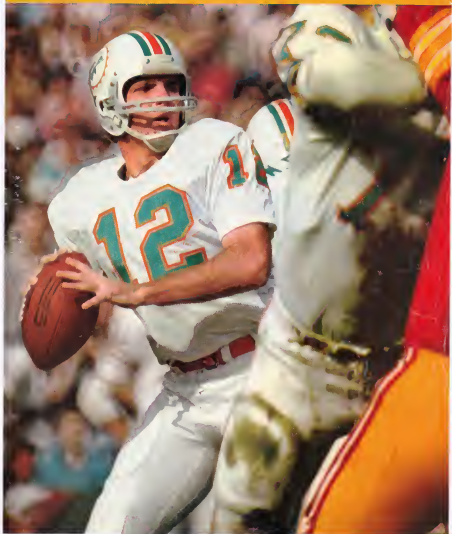


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Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 22, 1973 60 CENTS



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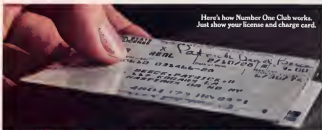
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Next week

THE BIG MONEY and the big buck arrive at last for pro tennis. Two companies of players, one in Miami and one in Wales, begin the 1973 WCT tour. The stakes? A \$1 million purse.

DON'T JUST SIT, learn something! Jule Campbell takes a look at some vacation spots where you can get off your beach and be taught rudiments of sailing and scuba-diving.

SUNSHINE SOLDIERS of hockey are the Los Angeles Kings, who win at home but cool off away from their swimming pools. But the once mediocre Kings are playoff-bound.

There's a movement in this country. It's called ACTION.



Arthur Lamont, 75, working with a child in New Hampshire.



People working together in a community center in Los Angeles.



People working together in a community center in Los Angeles.



Thomas Tyler, 40, working with a child in New Orleans.



People working together in a community center in Los Angeles.



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Thomas Tyler, 40, working with a child in New Orleans.



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ACTION is VISTA serving in communities here at home. People like Thomas Tyler, an architect helping to design a community center in New Orleans, or Dr. Gilbert Sartore, giving desperately needed medical attention to the people of an impoverished Appalachian town.

ACTION is Foster Grandparents, who help children in need throughout the country. Like Arthur Lamont, 75, who brings loving care to a retarded child in Lacombe, N.H.

ACTION is SCORE, retired executives counselling small businessmen. Bob Meisel helped reorganize the production

line of a bottling company in El Campo, Texas.

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ACTION

People helping people help themselves.

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FLORIDA '69	NORTHWESTERN '70	TEXAS '69
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREMER

RUNG GALORE

The American League's radical decision to adopt a designated pinch-hitter rule (page 26) has excited a lot of speculation and comment, some of it reasoned and perceptive, some of it hurried and emotional. The possible side effects—on pitching, for example—are fascinating to contemplate, but what statistical impact will the new rule actually have on hitting?

A nuclear engineer and computer scientist named Arthur V. Peterson Jr. thinks he knows. Using a technique called computer simulation, Peterson ran 50 seasons of baseball through a computer, first in the old-fashioned (or National League) way, then with a designated pinch hitter in place of the pitcher. His findings are complex but, boiled down, here are some of the things his study predicts. First, he assumes designated hitters will bat an average of .84 points higher than the pitchers they replace. This means team batting averages will rise nine points, a welcome jump in a declining market. Team on-base averages will go up even more, about 12 points, and slugging averages about 22 points. There will be fewer shutouts (about 22% fewer), and the number of games in which a team is held to one, two or three runs will decline 8.5%. Consequently, the number of games in which a team scores four or more runs will go up 12%.

Most important, American League teams should increase their scoring by an average of 70 runs apiece this season, or more than 800 runs for the league, which would bring it to parity with the harder-hitting National.

THE INK IS RED

New Orleans is in the process of building a domed stadium. Seattle and a few other cities have similar domed arenas in the planning stage. But is a domed stadium worth the cost and effort? The experience of Houston's Astrodome, the only existing domed stadium in the U.S.

at the moment indicates it is not.

The city of Houston moved recently to pluck an extra \$385,000 a year in taxes from the Houston Sports Association, which rents the Astrodome and uses it, among other things, as a playground for the baseball Astros. Officials of the association paled and hurriedly presented financial data that showed the ball club had lost \$569,000 in 1971. Astrodome rental is \$750,000 a year, highest in major league baseball, and maintenance costs are on top of that. To break even, the HSA said, the stadium would have to be used 230 days a year. In 1972, even including all the days the Astros occupied it, the figure was only 134 days. And that was a record. The city decided not to impose the additional tax.

The question remains: If Houston can't make ends meet in a stadium that cost a modest \$31.5 million to build, how can cities who expect to pay double and triple that for newer domed arenas possibly avoid the financial glooms?

CAN BENCH OUTSWIM LAVER?

A Florida development corporation is sponsoring a wild 10-event sports competition in February which, even though it is a promotional thing for a new resort complex, sounds fascinating. Ten top pro athletes will meet in a variety of sports for prizes totaling \$122,000, plus a \$25,000 bonus for the all-round champion. The 10 are Johnny Bench (baseball), Joe Frazier (boxing), Elvin Hayes (basketball), Jean-Claude Killy (skiing), Rod Laver (tennis), Stan Mikita (hockey), Gary Player (golf), Peter Revson (auto racing), Jim Stefaniach (bowling) and Johnny Unitas (football). The 10 events are: 100-yard dash, 880-yard run, 100-meter swim, two-mile bicycle race, nine-hole golf tournament, one-set tennis tournament, one-game Ping-Pong tournament, bowling, weight lifting and baseball hitting. Each man enters seven of the 10 events, although he can't pick one that is his own specialty. Laver will not play tennis or Player golf, and Bench will not hit

baseball. Laver, however, will play Ping-Pong.

The competitive possibilities are fascinating. Joe Frazier, for instance, has already decided to enter the 100- and 880-yard runs, the swim, the bike race, weight lifting, bowling and baseball hitting. ABC-TV, which is always charging around looking for something different in sports, will tape the affair and telecast it a week later.

SWINGING THE OLD BAMBOO

The Kuboto Slugger has made its way into baseball, at least in Hawaii. The Kuboto Slugger is a bamboo baseball bat.



The bamboo is laminated and the finished product does not look much different from a Louisville Slugger, but there are those who like it better than the new aluminum bats being produced in the U.S. It does not nick, is guaranteed to last for at least one year and sells in Japan for 1,600 yen, or a little less than \$5. Tom Kiyosaki, executive secretary of the Hawaii High School Athletic Association, introduced the bat to a group of Honolulu athletic directors last week, all of whom seemed impressed.

The best wood baseball bats are made of mountain ash, but Kiyosaki said the supply of top-grade ash is relatively limited and bats made from it are snapped up by professionals. "We have to check out what others have to offer," he explained. He also showed the athletic directors a rubber baseball used in Japan

continued

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SCORECARD continued

by junior varsity teams to reduce expenses. "When you use the rubber baseball," he said, "you don't have to have a chest protector or shin guards."

Bamboo hats and rubber baseballs. What next? Paper uniforms?

WORD FROM WOODY

Woody Hayes, the Ohio State football coach who has been accused of alleged roughing up of a photographer before the Rose Bowl game, had something to say last week to a physical-education convention in Pittsburgh.

"If our society goes down the drain," he said, "and there are big signs it might, then historians will report: 'Here is a nation founded on team play that went down because they forgot about it.' If you want to destroy a society, talk down the heroes. You can't have a good physical-education program without a good varsity sports program. Nations are built on the positive approach, just like football teams."

Hayes said the discipline, hard work and pressure of varsity football builds the character a nation needs, and that the battle against decadence in our society is being won on football fields. Football does not brutalize a man through violence, he argued, but strengthens his self-esteem to such a degree that he need not prove himself through violence off the field.

LIFE FOLLOWS ART

Monopoly, the traditional American game long before upstairs chess came along, faced a crisis last week. Everyone knows that the street names in Monopoly were inspired by those of Atlantic City, N.J. Think of the consternation last week in Salem, Mass., home of Parker Brothers, manufacturers of Monopoly, when word came that Atlantic City was proposing to change the names of Mediterranean and Baltic Avenues, those cheaply priced but always loved first properties on the board. Arthur W. Ponzio, commissioner of public works, wanted to change Mediterranean to Melrose and make Baltic part of Fairmount.

Edward P. Parker, president of Parker Brothers, fired off an anguished letter to Ponzio. "Baltic and Mediterranean are not just local street names," he wrote, "they belong to America." He mentioned Monopoly addicts who make the pilgrimage to Atlantic City just to see

the streets they have, so to speak, played on. "Would you be willing to take the responsibility," Parker asked Ponzio, "for an invasion by hordes of protesting Monopoly players, all demanding that you go directly to jail without even the dignity of passing Go?"

In Atlantic City, Ponzio, who said he had been swamped with mail, graciously reversed himself, and Mediterranean and Baltic yet live. In Salem, Parker said they would have remained in the game in any case. "Nor do we intend to change the spelling of Marvin Gardens to Marvin Gardens," he said, "although we recently learned we have been misspelling it all these years. Perhaps the real Marvin Gardens should consider changing its name."

READY FIGHTER

Pierre (Butch) Bouchard of the Montreal Canadiens tangled with Ivan Boldirev of the California Golden Seals during a recent NHL game and threw a series of punches, several of them connecting. Boldirev wisely clinched but Bouchard continued his attack by using his head, mostly on Boldirev's nose. ("It's nothing much," Boldirev said later, "I've broken it a few times before.")

After the fight the still agitated Bouchard was told that butting with the head was against the Marquis of Queensberry rules of boxing. "To hell with the Queen of Marksherry," sputtered Bouchard. "The people yell for me to fight, and so I fight and then they say, 'That's not hockey.' I'm not listening to them anymore. I'll do what I think is right for Butch, not for the Queen of Marksherry."

Bouchard hurt his hand in the brawl and had to miss several games. His head was fine.

ALL BY MYSELF

College football is a coaches' game, and the teams are reflections of the coaches' personalities and philosophies. But Boston University President John Silber feels the role of the coach has been overdone, and he recommends it be de-emphasized. He contends that during a game the coach belongs in the stands. He says he is not advocating a usurpation of the coach's authority but a return of the quarterback to his original position as team leader, as well as restoration of player dignity in general.

Silber feels that taking the coach off

continued

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SCORECARD

the sidelines, preventing spotters in the stands from having contact with the team during the game and restoring to the quarterback the responsibility of running things would strengthen the development of a footballer's imagination as well as his courage and capacity to make proper decisions quickly.

"After all, this is supposed to be an educational experience for the players," Silber says of the college game, arguing that originally a coach functioned mostly as a teacher who would prepare his players during the week and then stand aside when they underwent the test of competition on Saturday. "We want players who can analyze and react to a situation. We want them to be well coached, but we do not want them run like a bunch of automatons. Football is supposed to be enjoyable. It's supposed to be fun. We have to bring that back."

CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE

Scots on the 50-yard line are a coveted prize, but football scouts and other experts often choose seats high up in the end zone. Latest evidence of this seemingly bizarre preference comes from Frank Broyles, Arkansas head coach, who saw his first live professional game when Miami defeated Cleveland in their playoff. Broyles sat directly behind the goalposts and said, "I enjoyed it very much. I could see the holes open up and the reaction of the defense. I always sat about the same place during Arkansas practices so I can see the same thing."

WARPED RULES

Strange things sometimes happen in sport, the arena of honest effort and the all-out try. For some years now in football it has been accepted custom to mute things a bit in certain postseason all-star games. Once in a while this leads to unfortunate incidents, as in the recent Senior Bowl game at Mobile. There, with less than a minute to play, the South, leading by a field goal, had the ball deep in its own territory on fourth down. Naturally, it chose to punt. A North lineman broke through and blocked the punt. Great play for the North, right? It takes possession of the ball in scoring range, with a good chance to tie or win.

Not at all. A whistle blew and the North was penalized five yards for "illegal procedure" by the kick-blocking

lineman. Special rules had been set up for the game, providing for no rushing of the punter. Well, not exactly no rushing. You could rush a little, as long as you fluted past the kicker instead of directly at him.

Can you imagine that? Blocking a punt illegal in a game between college all-stars? Sounds like touch football between kids on a grammar school playground.

LOSERS WINNERS

A New York Islander fan has bet a Philadelphia 76er fan on the outcome of the season. Since the 76ers play basketball and the Islanders play hockey, and both are in last place, the bet seems pointless. Not so. It is fraught with tension and may go to the wire: the bet is over which will lose more games. Because the NBA plays 82 games and the NHL only 78, the basketball season will end for betting purposes after 78 games are played. And hockey ties count as losses. When the bet was made in midseason the Islanders had won only four of 35 games, the 76ers but three of 41. Scidom have two teams been more evenly matched.

So far the hockey fan is enjoying himself more, even though the 76ers are well ahead in losses. "My team goes out there and gets beat," he explains, "often by a shutout. There is no doubt. But his team runs up 90 or 100 points before losing. That can get pretty hairy."

THEY SAID IT

- Larry Brown, Washington Redskin back, on whether he thinks white he runs: "If you think too much, you'll go nowhere. I just try to decrease the situations that are detrimental to my health."
- Al McGuire, Marquette basketball coach, on his awareness of where pro scouts and general managers sit during his team's games: "I don't like Wayne Embry [general manager of the Milwaukee Bucks] that close to the court. It gives our players peripheral vision."
- Jack Maize, Houston Rocket forward, after his team played five road games in seven days: "This trip must have been planned by the Marquis de Sade Travel Agency."
- Greg Pruitt, nosed out by Johnny Rodgers for Heisman Trophy, after being named Most Valuable Player in the Heisman Bowl: "I knew I'd win some more awards."

END

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17-0-0

With a super-perfects performance, the Dolphins drub the Redskins 14-7 and take pro football's biggest purse

by **TEX MAULE**

It was not always easy, and far less dramatic than it might have been, but the Miami Dolphins finally demonstrated rather conclusively that they are the biggest fish in the pro football pond. In the seventh Super Bowl they defeated the Washington Redskins 14-7 before 81,706 sweltering and smog-beset fans in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. This meant that the Dolphins went an entire season without a loss, 17 straight. No other NFL team has ever gone undefeated for a season, and no other club is likely to do it again soon, either. On the record, then, Miami is the best club in pro football history.

The Dolphins won the game with a nearly impeccable first half; with an extraordinarily accurate passer in Quarterback Bob Griese (*see cover*); with a rhino of a runner, Larry Csonka; and, above all, with a defense that may have been No Names, but was plenty of adjectives. Try tough, tight, dashing and daring for starters. The special stars were Tackle Manny Fernandez, who keyed the line; Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti, who intercepted one pass; and Free Safety Jake Scott, who intercepted two passes and was named the most valuable player in the game. As an extra fillip, the Dolphins produced the most valuable Redskin when a Garo Yepremian field-goal attempt turned into the most hilarious play yet seen in a Super Bowl and gave Washington its touchdown.

continued

Manny Fernandez, who led Miami's defense, gives a massive hug to Larry Brown.

In fact, had it not been for Yepremian, the Dolphin defenders would have pitched a shutout at the Redskins. When Washington did score it came with only 2:07 left in the game. Yepremian, the tiny placekicker from Cyprus, was attempting a 42-yard field goal as a kind of icing on the Dolphin cake—when the kick was blocked. The ball bounced back toward him and Yepremian made the mistake of picking it up, apparently deciding that he was the designated pinch passer. The ball slipped from his hand as he drew back to throw and bobbled about his shoulders until he batted it into the air where Redskin Mike Bass snatched it and took off. Running almost unhampered, he went 49 yards for Washington's only score.

When the Redskins got the ball back, on their own 30 after a Dolphin punt, there were only 74 seconds left to try for a tying touchdown, and they could not advance so much as a yard. The end came, symbolically, with the Dolphin defense swarming over Quarterback Bill Kilmer. For its last fling, Washington did not even get off a desperation pass.

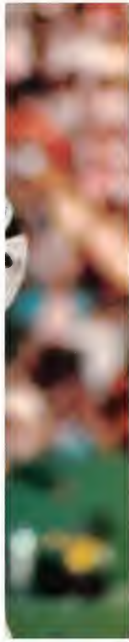
Yepremian's aberration was one of the few consequential Dolphin errors. The Redskins, on the other hand, proved adept at coming up with the big mis-play every time they appeared in a position to enter the contest. And it took them quite some time to enter.

As it usually does, Washington opened with a conservative, probing offense featuring the running of Larry Brown. Only Brown never did run very far on Sunday. One of the plays is a drive in which Brown reads his tackle's block on the defensive end; another is a play in which Brown fakes the drive, then comes back, hopefully, against the flow of the defense. But for this second play to work, the first has to be effective.

Since the first play did not work, the second was not effective. And neither was Kilmer's passing. A sharpshooter in the first two playoff games, Kilmer was 14 for 28 against the Dolphins, but there were three interceptions and his longest pass gain all day was for 15 yards. "I wasn't throwing well," Kilmer admitted afterward, "I tried to force the ball a couple of times and it killed us."

Griese, on the other hand, was throwing very well, if infrequently. He completed eight of his 11 passes, including one of 28 yards to Howard Twilley for the first Dolphin touchdown. Twilley is one of





only four players who came to the Dolphins in their first season and a broken jaw and a broken left elbow have cost him considerable playing time. But when Griese wanted to go to someone for a touchdown in the first quarter, he used the incomparable Paul Warfield as a decoy and Twilley as a primary target.

An 18-yard Griese-to-Warfield pass had played a big part in getting the Dolphins within range. It was third and four and the Redskins doubled up on Warfield. He was knocked down coming off the line of scrimmage and eliminated from the pass pattern. Twilley, on the other side, came off free. Pat Fischer was covering him. "I had to sell Pat on the pattern," Twilley said after the game. "We have had a lot of success on quick down-and-in routes and I figured Pat thought I would go that way. When I fake that and go out, I usually give the cornerback a little head fake, then break to the outside."

This time, instead of the head fake, he ran a quick three-step turn in on Fischer, and Pat bought it. Twilley cut back to the outside, and Griese's perfect pass hit him at about the five-yard line. Fischer cut over to intercept him, but Twilley fought his way into the end zone for the first touchdown of the game.

The Dolphins apparently scored again on a 47-yard pass from Griese to Warfield, but that play was nullified by a procedural violation, so Washington, a fine second-half team, had a good shot to come out of a bad first half down only 7-0, or perhaps even less. The Redskins had the ball on the Dolphin 48, their first time across midfield, and they were moving. Kilmer had brought the team from the 17 in six plays, calling more sophisticated maneuvers than previously. He threw wide to Roy Jefferson for eight yards and then handed the ball to Charley Harraway, who burst up the middle for eight more. A well-executed end-around by Charley Taylor gained another eight yards.

Four plays later, with third and three on the Miami 48, Kilmer lost a battle of wits. Figuring that Miami would be looking for either Brown or Harraway in a short-yardage burst, he decided to pass instead. The Dolphins had a surprise of their own. Head Defensive

Coach Bill Arnsparger called a variation of the weak zone which the Redskins were not expecting. Arnsparger went with a deployment that the Redskins know as the Weak Zone Buck, but in their study of Dolphin films they had noticed that Miami had not used the Weak Zone Buck since midseason.

Larry Brown looped out of the backfield as a pass receiver. Normally, the Redskins would expect Buoniconti to roll to the weak side and then Brown would take off and try to outrun the weak-side linebacker. But in the Miami version of the Weak Zone Buck, Buoniconti fixes himself in the middle of a shallow zone. Ironically, Brown would run a pattern that would take him right to where Buoniconti lay in wait. The Redskins ambushed themselves.

Meanwhile, Harraway also ran a pass route, leaving Kilmer without any backfield protection. Walter Rock, the Redskin left tackle, dropped back to take the first Dolphin through, while John Wilbur, Washington's fine right guard, fell back to take the second man. Wilbur expected that to be Bob Matheson, the Dolphins' extra linebacker, No. 53, who is inserted into the game at points such as this to key a defense that now bears his number—the 53 Defense.

As Wilbur eyed Matheson, Doug Swift, the left linebacker, crashed on a blitz. He zeroed in on Kilmer at just about the same instant as Brown reached Buoniconti. "It was either get sacked or get the ball right out to Larry," Kilmer explained later, "and I forced it."

The ball flew directly into Buoniconti's hands at the Miami 41, and he cut to his right and hustled it all the way back to the Redskin 27. Griese, who was starting his first game since he went out with a broken leg and dislocated ankle on Oct. 15, came on the field then and, cool and sharp, marshaled his attack. There were only two minutes left in the half, but Griese calmly called for running plays by Jim Knick and Csonka.

Then, on third and four from the 21, he befuddled the Redskins by throwing to a tight end, Jim Mandich. Mandich faked a block, cut at an angle to his right, and made a lovely diving catch at the two-yard line. Two plays after Mandich's catch, Knick rode Csonka's coat tails over right guard for the touchdown that put the Dolphins ahead 14-0. Washington was shaken but not shattered by this turn of events, and came back strong with two

Determined running of Larry Csonka, top ground gainer, typifies Dolphins' domination.

continued



17-0-0 continued

long drives in the second half. When the first bogged down, Curt Knight missed a 32-yard field-goal try. The second ended when Scott intercepted in the end zone. Washington did not threaten again till Yepremian turned quarterback. As for the Dolphins, they had one abortive drive in the second half, triggered by Csonka's 49-yard rumble through the Redskins to the Washington 16. But Griese, attempting to float a short pass into the end zone, was intercepted.

Neither team cares to gamble much, and they both performed predictably. For all the hoopla, most Super Bowls have turned out, like this one, to be pretty stodgy affairs. Nevertheless, the television audience was supposed to reach 75 million, which would make it the largest number ever to witness a sporting event in America. Presumably included in the TV totals were 8,476 fans who paid \$15 a seat at the sold-out Coliseum, but then opted to stay away.

The unseasonably warm weather may have kept down the crowd, but it seemed to have no effect on the outcome. Neither team voiced any serious doubt as to which was the better this day. "We wanted to take away their short, inside passing," said Miami Coach Don Shula, "and we wanted to whip them up front, which takes away the run. There's no doubt we won there."

"They're like swarming bees," said Wilbur, the Redskin guard who played opposite Fernandez in certain defenses. "You think you've blocked them well, and you only get two, three, four yards before they're all over you."

Fernandez played the biggest part in

the Dolphins' line victory. A free agent from Utah, he is not overpowering, but he is strong and quick and indefatigable, too. "I think we outplayed them, out-excuted them," he said after the game. "We've got superior personnel. The few times they did burn us, it was because we were overaggressive."

The Miami aggressiveness was seldom out of hand, however, while by contrast Washington appeared to play too cautiously—especially in the first half. "We were not waiting for the other team to lose," said Shula. "We were doing things to win. We've got confidence in our ability to execute. It helped to have been here last year, too."

Washington Coach George Allen seemed to be most discomfited of all the principals by the attendant pressures. He never stopped complaining about the "distractions" common to a Super Bowl, and he regularly let the press hordes get under his skin. Allen works tirelessly and devotes himself altogether to the task of victory—"To win this game, I'd let you stick a knife in me and draw all my blood," he declared a couple days before the game—and he expects the same of his players.

But for a game like the Super Bowl, it is probably better to take it easy. At least it now seems so. Shula was relaxed and amiable throughout, and was almost effusive in the interminable interviews that are a league requirement for Super Bowl coaches.

Allen, on the other hand, only grew more querulous as the week wore on. In his last press session he snapped:

"This is the first time in 23 years as a head coach I have missed a meeting with my team. I hope you fellows don't ask me the same questions today that you've been asking me all week." He also blamed the press for ruining his team's practice Tuesday, and when he was not bemoaning the fourth estate he took af-

Winning touchdown of a playperfected season was set up by Jim Mandich's diving catch.



ter his players' wives. "If we could arrange for the wives to be in Chicago, I'd be happy," he announced, only half in jest. The players were hardly in agreement; *The Washington Post* reported that on Tuesday night before all the wives had arrived the Redskins placed "a league record" 236 long-distance phone calls from their motel.

What time he had, Allen devoted to the most meticulous preparation. He even sent an associate to the Coliseum

to scout the sun for a couple of hours. The man brought back a detailed solar chart.

How did Allen's intensity affect the team? One player, who understandably must remain anonymous, said: "We should have left him in Washington."

No such controversy swirled about the happy Dolphins, although Shula did bridle when his old Baltimore boss, Carroll Rosenbloom, who now owns the Los Angeles Rams, offered some bitter

comments to the effect that Shula could not win the big one. He has now, and so have his Dolphins.

As Super Bowl VII sank slowly in the West, the only sad Dolphin was little Yepremian, whose *faux pas* could have cost a lot more than embarrassment. "That championship ring will hang heavy on my hand," he said, shaking his mournful face.

The empty fingers of the Redskins will hang heavier still. **END**



A LESSON FOR THE PREACHER MAN

It may not be in the Bible, but it is a fact of life in the ACC: you don't stall on the Wolfpack. Maryland's Lefty Driesell tried, so N.C. State's David Thompson showed him the error of his ways by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

As the sterile winter sun claimed its place in the sky at College Park, Md. last Sunday, a persistent drone swelled up from a red-brick airplane hangar and mixed with the gruff sounds of morning traffic along U.S. 1. By high noon the buzz was a roar, the ground a

metronome swaying in time as the spacious University of Maryland Cole Field House started a-rockin' and a-shakin'. The congregation had the spirit because Preacher Man was holding another revival service.

It was the battle for No. 2, and for

the status of being top dog, East Coast division. It was undefeated Maryland against undefeated North Carolina State. It was Maryland's Preacher Man against all those who hate him, with a packed field house and uncounted nasties out in television land looking on in anticipation. Would Preacher Man do The Stomp? Would he reserve his right to remain silent? Would he get kissed, or hussed? Would he kneel, fight or bite? Would Lefty Driesell win and thus endure another day as a happy but afraid man?

Two hours later the sun had moved a little, the airplane hangar was still and the answer was in. Lefty would endure, but forget the happy man bit for awhile. This game had loomed big as any for Driesell, a onetime encyclopedia salesman who appeared on the University of Maryland campus three years ago and set about the audacious task of building himself a national champion. For hammer and nails he used guile, gall and God. He advertised for players; they arrived. He enlarged upon a court-side manner that included taking off his coat and jumping up and down on it. That was The Stomp. He crawled on his belly like a reptile, prayed on his knees and fought hand-to-hand combat with opposing players—and his own, too. "If you know me, you know from Oct. 15 to the end of the season I don't get along with anybody," says Lefty. "I don't really care what other people think of me. And I ain't afraid of failing."

But stress is a heavy mantle and it showed as Preacher Man prepared his team for North Carolina State. He closed his practices and refused to talk to outsiders. Day by day observers could see the screws to his pressure plate turning tighter and tighter. Preacher Man is successful but his acerbic style leaves him with as many enemies as a hard-working meter maid. He feuds with the media whenever the prose turns from a paean to a panning, such as the time a re-

Packing it in for the Wolfpack, Thompson goes over Maryland's Tom McMillen to score.



poster noted he had 48 photos of himself in his den. Such things are cause enough to draw the curtain on practice, zip up his players' vocal cords and launch a letter of protest. It is not clear whether he thinks he is George Allen or vice versa, but his critics call him an egotist and a farce, scolding his country homilies, claiming his buster and pomp are only a supercilious bluff to hide the fact that he cannot coach.

"They sort of had to eat their words when we won the NIT last year, though," says Tom McMillen, Maryland's leading scorer, who was up at five a.m. one day last week for a meeting with Senator Mike Mansfield about an off-season job. "He has to be on the defensive to the public. To see his real personality you'd have to go over to his house for breakfast with the team and watch him with his family. His goal is to be a total winner. It bothers him to take a vacation. He misses the time away from work."

He doesn't miss much else. Originally Maryland had scheduled a game with Wake Forest for Saturday night, the eve of the Big One. Driesell got that moved to later in the season. Last week he put alarm clocks in his players' rooms, waking them up by dawn's first light for practice so they would be accustomed to the early action of a nonnight start.

Playing on the road in the Atlantic Coast Conference is a tense business, right up there with finding the lights on in your living room when you are trying to sneak home late at night. Maryland, for instance, lost five games last year, all in the ACC; all on the road. But Norm Sloan, the N.C. State coach, was optimistic as he headed into Maryland. "We're playing at noon and the game is on national television," he reasoned. "That could even things out."

Sloan's team prepared by beating Duke and then Lehigh, scoring 115 points (only 12 over its average) in the second game on Friday night. That over with, the Wolfpack piled into a bus, drove to Petersburg, Va. and spent the night there before tramping into College Park on Saturday afternoon.

This season is something of a paradox for N.C. State. The Wolfpack is on probation for one year for a series of recruiting violations and is barred from postseason NCAA competition. Thus the regular season has added significance. To get this far State had used a little big-men connection. The little was

Monty Towe, 5' 6" and still hoping to grow so that one day he will be able to leap up and touch the rim. The big were David Thompson, 6' 4", and Tom Burleson, almost a foot taller than that.

In the opening weeks sophomore Thompson was leading the nation in scoring, a fact that excited the people of North Carolina as much as if it had been discovered that cigarettes add 10 years to your life-span. In recent games the 18-year-old's scoring diminished from sensational to just above highly exciting, but Towe was growing, if only in reputation.

Part of Towe's appeal is his size and part is his nerve, or perhaps lack of brains. Last week he was playing with a broken nose and wearing a face mask for protection, leading opposition players to ask "Who was that masked man?" In addition, his left wrist was sheathed in a plastic splint to protect another broken bone and he was troubled by a pinched nerve in a leg. "He's got character leaping out of him," Sloan says of his midget basket case. "He really takes his bumps. But I'll tell you, when he talks out there everybody listens."

On the floor, sophomore Towe is an improbable but forceful leader. He scampers about pointing out his teammates' mistakes and encouraging them to apologize through redeeming action. He controls the ball, parceling it out to open players or firing in a jump shot from outside if he can see the rim through the forest. Yet for all of his talent, Towe is not the player Thompson is, as indeed how many others in college ball are? Thompson is an extraordinary outside shooter with facile moves going to the basket, but his most spectacular attribute is his jumping. "Sometimes I go up to block a shot and I feel like the ball is just a little out of my reach," he says. "It seems like I can feel my arm growing. It's coming right out of my shoulder. And all of a sudden I can stretch and reach the ball."

But if Norm Sloan was well fixed, Preacher Man was hardly arriving at the prayer meeting unattended. Besides Olympian McMillen, he had Len Elmore, Bob Bodell and Jim O'Brien, nicknamed "Mo," "Bo" and "O," as well as John Lucas, a freshman guard familiar with the nets—he also is a fine tennis player. "Elmore is the heart and soul of our team," said Sloan. "He blocks shots. He shoots. They play a

zone press and I don't think they even care if you beat it because if you do Elmore's back there waiting."

"We complement each other excellently," says McMillen, a junior pre-med major with a 3.8 grade average. He shares double-post duties with Elmore, also a junior. "Elmore's two greatest skills are his shot blocking and his rebounding. Shooting is my strength. By the time we're seniors, it'll be amazing."

Unfortunately for Lefty, they are still juniors, and only the game was amazing, as N.C. State and Thompson stole it all 87-85. Consider the ending first.

With the score tied 85-85 and 1:45 remaining, McMillen fired a wild hook shot. State got the rebound and ran down the clock until only 12 seconds remained. Sloan then made a surprise move, deciding not to run a set play. He hoped unplanned movement would produce an opening. What happened was that Burleson wound up 25 feet from the basket with time fleeting and frantically launched a shot that rattled in and out of the basket. Thompson picked up the ball and later the commentary: "I had faked and broken to the inside and was open, but Burleson didn't see me and took the shot. I had position on the boards and I just went up. The ball was there." There, and a second later Thompson had it safely in the basket.

"Isn't he beautiful?" said Towe. Well, not to Preacher Man, who submitted to a half-minute postgame interview and then took refuge behind his bolted locker-room door for half an hour before coming forth to pronounce it all "part of life."

It was Driesell's game plan, as much as "life," that undid him, however. He played the entire first half using a zone press, but State solved that easily and got the ball upcourt to free men, usually Thompson, who wound up with 37 points. The zone press had earned Maryland this season and Lefty was loath to shelve it until halftime—at which point he trailed 53-44. Then, after his team fought back and took the lead 85-83 with four minutes remaining, Driesell ordered a stall that inhibited Maryland's surge as effectively as any State defense could have. Driesell's strategy did get the normally reliable McMillen to the free-throw line twice in bonus situations but he missed and that, too, is life. It is also why N.C. State is 12-0 and Maryland is 10-1. **END**

JONATHAN LIVINGSTON LIQUORI

Like the celebrated seagull, Marty Liquori is a free spirit who is determined to excel. Last week's two-mile indoor race in Maryland indicated that his heel is well and that he is back on the right track

by DAN LEVIN

For Marty Liquori it was an evening of satisfaction and relief. For Bob Wheeler it was an evening of triumph. And for both, in the afterglow of their respective successes, there was a mood of promise, of impending excitement, the recurring sense that big things might soon begin to happen, for them and between them.

Another indoor track season began last week at the University of Maryland, and both Liquori and Wheeler were there, but in different races and with different goals. Liquori, entered in the two-mile, hoped only to finish respectably. Wheeler, who reached the 1,500-meter semifinals at Munich, was in the mile and would be satisfied only with a victory. Both got what they wanted.

Bob Wheeler's 4:00.5 was more than three seconds faster than his previous best indoors, and for a runner who claims his only concern is winning, not time, Wheeler's reference to "several sub-four-minute-mile possibilities" for himself in upcoming weeks is intriguing.

Liquori, once considered America's best miler, provided a more subtle form of drama than Wheeler. The thing about his comeback, as they called it, was that it had started from so far back. This was Liquori's first race in 11 months, a time of discouragement, recurring pain and concern that his career may have been ended by the bone spur in his left heel. The mile had always been his race, but he had entered the longer event because training for it would require less speed work and, therefore, less pounding of his troubled foot. His training had been outdoors though, and he was worried about what might happen to his heel on the relatively sharp turns of Maryland's 11-laps-to-the-mile indoor track. And now he stood at a starting line once more, pale and whipper thin and, to those who knew best of his travail, very vulnerable. Barry Brown, the winner of this race for the last two years, took the lead on the first lap, then lost it on the fifth to England's Ian Stewart,

bronze medalist in the 5,000-meter run at Munich. Liquori, looking relaxed and confident, settled in behind the leaders, a tight fifth in the early going. But then, just past the half-mile mark, he became a distant fifth. His stride seemed hesitant and, although he showed no trace of a limp, it was evident he was not the old Liquori, one who would be dallying behind the pace but merely warming up for the moment when he would pounce on the struggling men ahead.

Next came a surprise. Just as quickly as Liquori had lost his touch, he regained it. If there were doubts in his mind that this was the night to find out where all those weeks of 100-plus training miles had brought him, they were instantly resolved. Finishing the first mile, which Stewart covered in a blistering 4:13.5, Liquori moved past Brown into fourth place. Now he went to work on Neil Cusack, East Tennessee State's NCAA cross-country champion who ran for Ireland at the Olympics. The two traded positions before Liquori, looking very much the runner of a year ago, destroyed him. He would never catch Stewart or Jim Crawford, his stylish New York AC teammate who was hanging tenaciously to the Englishman—almost half a lap separated the two from him—but Liquori could test himself. And did he ever. Stewart, on his way to a meet record 8:28.4, sprinted the last two laps, yet Liquori gained about 25 yards on him. Striding out in that graceful, economical style that had cut down so many runners in the past, he moved almost effortlessly to the finish line like a man who had topped off a nice jog with a pleasant little dash to keep the juices circulating. His time of 8:35.2 was as good as any he had ever achieved indoors. This was more than a comeback. It was as though Liquori had excused himself from the room for a minute and returned remarking, "As I was saying. . . ." Twenty-four hours after the race, Liquori still had not felt so much as a twinge in his heel.

The trials of Marty Liquori began in October of 1971. Competing in cross-country for Villanova, he tore ligaments in his left heel. Each morning for most of that winter, he would dangle his foot in a whirlpool bath, give it diathermy and ultrasound treatments, and then go out and run 10 to 15 miles—slowly. After his workouts and each night, he would treat the heel with ice packs. Finally he tried a five-minute mile, and he could not walk the next day. People were calling him the favorite for the Olympic 1,500, but the trials were coming up and there he was limping past a smorgasbord of podiatrists, orthopedists, internists, witch doctors, anyone who offered hope. In April he saw a doctor he calls Needles, who had an arsenal that could have been used for knitting. Soon the heel looked like a Swiss cheese, but Needles said Liquori would be running again in 10 days. He told him to go out one morning and run hard, even if it hurt, and then to hurry over for a shot. Liquori ran and, his foot all but exploding, dashed to Needles' place, only to learn the doctor had been taken to the hospital with an ailer attack.

By May Liquori's hopes of competing at Munich had ended, and he stopped brooding about it. Carol, his wife, says, "It was just the not knowing." But he got to Munich anyway, with ABC. Liquori has a good TV face—a little of the young Leslie Howard, a little Ryan O'Neal—and he had long provided reporters with interviews laced with bright, provocative banter. He says, "Writers are always presenting quotes from athletes as if they're ad lib, but we're always thinking, 'What'll I say if I win, what'll I say if I lose?' We wonder as we run." And for years he had been telling reporters of his interest in broadcasting. "Oh yeah," he says, "I was plugging myself. What else can you use sports for, but to get a job? I'd hate to be 50 years old and hear someone say, 'There's Marty Liquori. He was a great runner 30 years ago.' Successful



Although he finished third, Liquori showed ample flashes of his old effortless style.

businessman sounds better to me now. That takes brains and diplomacy. Athletes only need brawn."

Of his experience in Munich he says, "It will probably be years before I find out if getting hurt was really a lucky break. I always thought that when I retired as a runner I'd start at some little TV station and work my way up, but here I was with ABC in Munich."

Liquori has thought a lot about one of the dramatic moments at Munich, Jim Ryun's fall there, and says, "In one way I felt sorry for him, to have come all that way for nothing. But then I didn't know what was worse, to have it all end in 10 seconds, like it did for Jim, or to have the pain and needles and wondering for months."

By late August Liquori's heel was noticeably better. He jogged with Erich Segal in Munich's English Garden, and in September he and Carol moved to Gainesville, Fla., where he enrolled in the University of Florida's graduate school of broadcasting. He has since run 100 miles or more every week with Barry Brown and Frank Shorter among others, but until last Saturday the uncertainty remained. "I've had a long enough career," he said recently, "so that if it ended right now I would have to be content about it." In the warm sun, with his new-found running buddies, another Marty Liquori seems to be coexisting with the "successful businessman." For example, this impromptu oral review of *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*: "He wanted to fly faster than any sea gull ever had, and they said he was wasting his time. The whole point is he didn't care what anyone thought, but they saw him practicing one night and kicked him out. So he went off with some other sea gulls, a bunch of outcasts who flew just for perfection, and they trained together. So many people dismiss running, but I think if they read *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* they'd understand."

And Jonathan Livingston Liquori is still a free spirit. After the race in Maryland, he announced he would run the mile at the Philadelphia Track Classic this weekend. A soul mate named Bob Wheeler will be competing there too, in the 880-yard run. But their flight patterns appear to put them on a collision course. Oh, how the feathers are going to fly.

END

NOW HALF THE NINES ARE TENS

Suffering at plate and gate, the American League split paths with the National and, in a revolutionary move, put another man in the game

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



Commissioner Kuhn, who spoke and voted for the designated hitter, faces the opening salvo in a barrage of post-decision questions.

Two progressives, K.C. Owner Ewing Kauffman (center) and Cincy's Francis Dole (right), discuss DPH with Negotiator John Gaharik.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL LAMBERT

Yes, operator, that's the party I want. Hello, Bob? Bob Newhart? Yeah, it's me again—Abner Doubleday. I thought you might remember. It sure has been a long time. Yeah, we sold the game I was telling you about. The one with the pillows, the chalk lines and the guy standing up with the stick in his hands. Merchandised the hell out of the thing. We put it indoors in Houston and outdoors everywhere else. We've drawn about 250 million with it over the last 10 years. The big guy right now is loony about the colors green and gold, and he does a lot of dancing on top of these little buildings we call dugouts. There are 23 fellows who will turn their lights on so the guys can play at night and one who won't, but that's old news. Brother, we did something today that is really going to frost your glass. Half of the teams are now going to play with nine guys and the other half with 10. "I knew that would make you laugh, Bob. I'll certainly admit it isn't your basic, hard-core merchandising. A customer in the Bronx is going to see a different product than the customer in Queens. People on the North Side of Chi-

cago won't know what the guys on the South Side are talking about. In Los Angeles they already think we are trying to teach an octopus to skip rope.

"Sure, I'll call you back if we do anything else with it. You slapping your knee, Bob? Don't blame you. After 103 years of doing things in a way everybody understood, we are really spinning the old swizzle stick on 'em. You think it sounds like madness, eh? Well, if I'm still around in the middle of October, I'll try to get back to you."

It was just past four o'clock at the Sheraton-O'Hare Motor Hotel in Rosemont, Ill. last Thursday afternoon when major league baseball fessed up to the fact that it was going both mad and mad. Owners and general managers representing every team in the American and National Leagues came streaming out of the Lancaster Room, and each looked as if something dire had been done, something revolutionary, something bizarre. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn told what: the American League was going to run a three-year test on DPH—designated pinch hitter. The National

League had said no thanks, not for us.

Oh, the leagues had split before. A dozen years ago, for example, the American League expanded and the National League did not. The American League schedule was 162 games, the National 154. But that was a smallish matter. The acceptance of the designated pinch hitter by the American League and its rejection by the National separate the leagues radically. The DPH permits the American League to play with 10 men on a side while the National League continues to field the hallowed nine, and that is at least half a brand-new ball game, as Madison Avenue might say.

The DPH bats for the pitcher. There is just one reason for his existence: to increase hits and scoring. He never fields and the pitcher never bats. The DPH

continued

A working session at the Sheraton-O'Hare. At right is Cub owner Phil Whiting, American League President Joe Cronin at his elbow.



has come into being because of the prolonged scoring slump in baseball and the fact that, with few exceptions, pitchers are lousy hitters.

The new rule reads in part:

"A pinch hitter may be designated to bat for the starting pitcher and subsequent pitchers in any game without otherwise affecting the status of the pitcher(s) in the game. A designated pinch hitter for the pitcher must be selected prior to the game. . . .

"He shall not take a position in the field nor shall he appear as a pinch runner."

"Pinch hitters for a designated pinch

hitter may be used. Any substitute pinch hitter for a designated pinch hitter himself becomes a designated pinch hitter. A replaced designated pinch hitter shall not re-enter the game in any capacity."

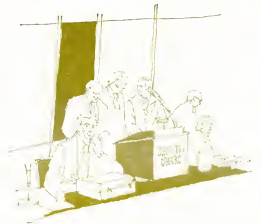
ican League. With reason. Since 1963 the National has outdrawn the American by more than 30 million paying customers and has been either fortunate or farsighted enough to build seven new stadiums with vast parking areas. In 1972 only three National League teams—Atlanta, San Diego and San Francisco—failed to reach one million in attendance, but only three American League franchises—Detroit, Boston and Chicago—hit that total, and there have been reports of red ink here and there. The Oakland A's drew 921,323, becoming the first world champions to fall below a million in more than a quarter of a cen-

tain. Although the well-off National League declined to go along, it may elect to do so as early as 1974 if the DPH is a hit. There is no disputing the National's superiority at the plate—a league average of .248 to the American's .239 in 1972. It is in run scoring that the difference suddenly has widened to a shocking degree. The Nationals, who scored 129 more runs than the Americans in 1971, amassed 824 more last season.

The main trouble with the American League has not been in itself but in its stars. There were 17 players who drove in 80 or more runs in the NL in 1972 but only six in the AL, and of those Dick Allen of the White Sox and John Mayberry of Kansas City had just switched leagues.

Will the designated hitter increase scoring in the American League? Absolutely. How much? Maybe two runs a game, maybe more. And because the American League is utilizing the DPH while the National League is not, the rule will attract much more attention than if both leagues had adopted it simultaneously. Imagine that you are a devout Chicago Cub fan just returned from a year in Afghanistan, and you are wondering at the wisdom of the trade sending Starting Pitcher Bill Hands to Minnesota for Reliever Dave LaRoche. You have just come from Wrigley Field and seen LaRoche belted around in the late innings by the Pittsburgh Pirates. You turn on the television set to discover that the Twins and Angels are tied at 5-5. Bill Hands is still pitching for the Twins. Well, wonders never cease in baseball, but it crosses your mind that a starting pitcher is not usually around when the score is 5-5. Especially Bill Hands. "Who manages the Twins?" you ask the friend who went to the Cub game with you. "Frank Quilici," he answers. "Frank Quilici," you say, "is an idiot."

Hands gets the final out of the inning and walks from the mound. The ninth man in the batting order is due to lead off for Minnesota in the bottom of the eighth. In your dear little Cub heart you know that Bill Hands gets about one hit every season and that he ruins so many rallies the CIA is considering him for permanent employment. But of course you never see Bill Hands. It is Harmon Killebrew who steps up to the plate to start the bottom of the eighth, and Kil-



Baseball's chiefs rise to the occasion. Crain (left) and NL Boss Feeney flank Kuba.

ber. The New York Yankees (966,328) dropped below the million mark for the first time since 1945. The Texas Rangers played to only 662,974 in their first year in Arlington. The Minnesota Twins, one of the league's brighter franchises, drew a paltry 797,901, which compares very poorly with their 1,483,547 in 1967. In Baltimore, where Orioles management had felt a good divisional race would improve attendance, the good race came but the fans did not. Baltimore's attendance dropped to 899,950 after three consecutive million-plus years with runaway winners in the AL East.

Feeling the pinch, the American League has designated a pinch hitter as

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Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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In this picture everybody has a gimmick... almost everybody. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

1. Nope. He's Lance Boyle. Gimmick: brags about wars he was never in. Yells "bombs away" as he flicks his French cigarette.
2. Sorry. He's Harvey Dibble. His restaurant specializes in dried prunes. Gimmick: smokes wheat germ cigarettes.
3. Eunice Trace, Starlet. Gimmick: restoring wholesomeness to movies. (Last film

review: "At last, a movie the entire family can walk out on.")

4. Smokey Slanhope, accountant. Gimmick: a guitar. Unfortunately makes the mistake of playing it.
5. Right. He's just himself. And he sees through all the gimmicks. That's why he wants an honest, no-nonsense cigarette: Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. Made from fine tobacco.
6. Calls himself "Killer." Gimmick: thinks soccer uniform enhances his image. When he puffs out his chest, his pants fall down.

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lebrew homers. You think now that Quilley is no dummy at all because he has kept Harmon for the right pinch-hitting spot in the game.

"That's the third homer of the day for Killebrew," says Announcer Curt Gowdy. Obviously he meant "year." It is only when you see Hands back on the mound in the ninth that your head starts to whirl. "How is he still in the game? I just saw them hit for him," you react in puzzlement. And then you remember something vaguely from an old letter about the American League having gone daffy.

In less than a month baseball teams will be going to spring training (barring a players' strike), and the new rule will be tested for the first time on March 3 at Tinker Field in Orlando, Minnesota will be playing the Detroit Tigers and that game, as well as one played the following day between the same clubs in Lakeland, is certain to draw a lot of both fans and reporters.

Since the new rule does not apply to inter-league exhibition games, managers are going to have to learn quickly what they want to do with their DPH and how they want to shape their clubs in relation to him. The Boston Red Sox have splendid options in Tommy Harper, a hitter with speed and power, and a superior defensive outfielder named Rick Miller whom they could play in center field when they want to use Harper as the DPH.

The rule gives Billy Martin much more maneuverability with his Detroit Tigers. For several seasons Detroit has had an oversupply of outfielders—some a little long in the tooth. But Martin now can field a team that will seem a lot younger than it is. He has Al Kaline, Jim Northrup, Mickey Stanley, Willie Horton, Paul Jata, Ike Brown, Gates Brown and Frank Howard—all of whom have played in the outfield. Some have fielded very well (e.g., Kaline and Stanley) and others not so well (Howard, Gates Brown). At first base Norm Cash, Howard, Kaline, Bill Freehan and Duke Sims all have had experience, but none is going to bring memories of Hal Chase rushing to mind. The Tigers have asked Rich Reese, a talented defensive first baseman released last year by the Twins, to come to spring training. Reese has hit three grand-slam homers as a pinch hitter; no American League player ever hit more. Think, oh think, of the possibil-

continued

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NINES AND TENS *continued*

ities. It will be amazing if Mickey Lolich or Joe Coleman, Detroit's top pitchers, ever come to bat. Last year the two of them had a total of 15 singles in 171 times up.

Earl Weaver, manager of the Orioles, doubts that many of his pitchers will get to the plate, either, even though he has a good hitter by pitchers' standards in Jim Palmer (.224). "The pitcher seldom bats more than .220," Weaver says, "and teams are going to go for more offense. The designated hitting rule is also going to cut down on bunting. You will tend to go more for the big inning rather than scratch around for a run. You won't eliminate the bunt in the late innings, of course. Teams will still be scuffling to get one run ahead from the seventh inning on."

In a strange way, the new rule may be of special benefit to the Orioles. Baltimore's excellent starting staff pitched 62 complete games in 1972. "I think that if the rule had been in effect then," Weaver says, "we would have had 100 complete games. Very often Mike Cuellar or Pat Dobson would give up a run early and then get stronger as he went along. The fact that we didn't score much often meant that the starter had to come out when he was behind 2-1 or 1-0; we had to try to get a run. Now the pitcher will not have to come out in such circumstances." Overnight, Baltimore gains a big plus.

"Since the rule is new nobody knows exactly how it will work out," Weaver continues. "I think you might use a player with 10 or 12 years of experience as your designated hitter—one who is slow in the field or maybe has a sore arm. That way you wouldn't lose his bat when you would normally take him out for a defensive replacement in the game. It may be possible to carry fewer pitchers. Instead of 11 or so you might need less. Still, if you play a Saturday game and have to come back with a doubleheader on Sunday, and you get pretty well chewed up in that Saturday game, you are going to use a lot of pitchers anyway."

Elements of baseball that have been treasured by purists are going to undergo some drastic changes. A good-hitting pitcher like Terry Forster of the White Sox (.463 over his first two seasons in the majors) would appear to be penalized, though a really good-hitting pitcher could be declared a designated

Continued



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hitter for a poor-hitting pitcher. Forget about applauding the starting pitcher when he comes to bat late in the game. He won't be coming to bat. He will have to get his hand as he goes to or from the mound. The stalling of the lead-off man before he steps into the batter's box so that the pitcher can get a breather in the dugout after his batting chore will also be a thing of the past. And that tedious business of whether the pitcher is or is not going to wear his jacket in those rare instances when he reaches first base will be blessedly abandoned. Best of all, the game's dreariest dead moment—the reliever's ride from the bullpen to the mound—will occur far less frequently.

Retaliation against a pitcher who throws at hitters is another fascinating matter that will need some thought. How to accomplish it? A man can show a ton of courage if he is able to knock hitters down without fear of finding something stuck in his own ear.

The Angels could be one of the teams most helped by the rule. In 1972 they compiled a set of remarkably frustrating statistics. California actually outbit Oakland, Chicago, Detroit and Baltimore, but was the worst in the majors at scoring runs. Bob Oliver led the Angels with 70 runs batted in (in 134 games, after being traded from Kansas City), but nobody else had as many as 50.

"Speaking from a selfish point of view," says Angel General Manager Harry Dalton, "I like the rule. When Frank Robinson feels up to working only half a day, he could be our designated hitter. So could Oliver or Vada Pinson. I do not see the designated hitter always hitting in the nine hole. Far from it. I can see him in the three, four and five spots, too. And the fans are going to do a lot of guessing about who the designated hitters are going to be."

Absolutely. It seems the American League has said something very important to the National: "It's time for a change, and we are going our own way." Right now, three very big men in baseball are standing on a hilltop with skys on. Their names are Bowie Kuhn, who backed the play; Joe Cronin, whose American League will reap the harvest or the whirlwind; and Chub Feeney, the president of a National League that chose to stand fast. In early April they all start down the hill. It is going to be some kind of ride.

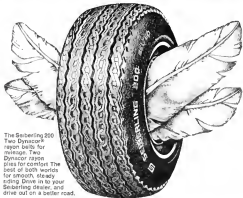
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DOWN OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!

In England the (blue) blood sport of fox hunting is under attack, preyed on by packs of saboteurs who harry and hound the horsemen, driving them to distraction—and sometimes revenge **by CLIVE GAMMON**

Well, fox hunters are difficult," said Iain McNay of the Hunt Saboteurs Association. "They are often very big men on top of big horses. It's hard to hold a reasonable conversation with them, though I must confess that last Christmas they surprised me. We'd gone out in force, 40 or 50 of us, to hit the West Kent Hunt and we started with a poster demonstration at the meet. Then over came a round of drinks for us, compliments of the hunt. I sniffed mine pretty hard before I drank it.

"That must have been just a Christmas truce, though. Two hours later, with the hounds no more than 20 yards behind the fox, I got between them, trying to lay a smoke screen. The hounds were soon mulling around, distracted. They'd lost the fox when I was jumped by two burly huntsmen. They were going to do me over but happily by this

time we were in some man's backyard. He came out roaring to get off his land and I was able to slip away. A nasty moment, though."

McNay, a slight, pale accountant in his early 20s, certainly looked no match for a couple of brawny huntsmen. And it was odd, as well, to be talking about foxhounds and the misty, wintry fields of rural England when out of his office window you could look down on London's Soho, a garish complex of porn shops, restaurants and strip clubs. He was also making me nervous.

"There's no problem, is there, if you stay inside your car?" I asked him.

McNay considered this judiciously. "Just don't get trapped, that's all. We had difficulty in Surrey one day this year. A very inexperienced member drove into a small car park. They blocked the exit, then chased him around with a Land

Rover and ended up ramming him. Did a lot of damage. But no seasoned saboteur would allow that to happen."

I made a swift note to hire a car instead of using my own for my coming outing with the Hunt Saboteurs Association, a group of 2,000 anti-blood-sports activists that evokes very much the same response from the English fox-hunting class as the IRA does in Protestant East Belfast. And in England, right now, fox hunting is a very emotive subject. Everything conspires to make it controversial. Fox hunting is undeniably an upper-class sport. Men in red coats (strictly, "pink") on horseback cannot help looking arrogant even if they are not. It isn't difficult to label the whole activity a grotesque, feudal survival, from the stirrup cup at the meet to the last notes of the kill sounded on a hunting horn in the gathering dusk. Or you



can call it one of the last colorful pieces of pageantry left in the English countryside and demand its preservation.

And naturally there's an ecological argument. The sports say that hunting on horseback is the most effective way of keeping foxes down to an acceptable population level and also, paradoxically, that if it weren't for hunting all the foxes would have been shot long ago. Naturally there are plenty of people who deny this.

But these are really surface arguments. What happens in an English fox hunt is that a lot of people on a lot of horses with many dogs chase a small animal for a long time until they kill it, if necessary digging it out of the bar in which it has taken refuge. "Maybe you're sitting idly watching television on a Saturday afternoon," McNay had said to me when I first met him, "and it passes through your mind that there are many people taking part in sport on a Saturday, mostly kicking a soccer ball about or watching others do it. But there's a tiny minority who are getting their kicks, their enjoyment, out of chasing a terrified wild animal through the country-

side, sometimes for hours, and at the end they kill it. I can't sit back and let them do it. I have to do something positive. There's a limit to what any one person can do, but suppose I save 10 foxes in a season. For a few hours I've spent my life in a positive way."

This particular day in Soho (ironically, the name of this seedy quarter is said to go back to the Middle Ages when it was green woodland to the west of London and echoed to the huntsman's cry—So-ho! So-ho!) was a busy one for McNay. Every morning paper had carried the story that Princess Anne had spent a day hunting with the Zetland pack in Yorkshire. For half a century, at least, no member of the immediate royal family, sensitive to public opinion, had gone fox hunting. "Perhaps the Queen will be displeased," a palace spokesman was reputed to have said.

McNay, though, had not been entirely displeased. In fact there was an observable glint of battle in his eye. "Would you happen to know how to start off a letter to a princess?" he asked.

"Try 'Your Royal Highness,'" I told him. He drew up a typewriter and tapped a polite note to Anne, inviting her to join the next strike of the Hunt Saboteurs. "I bet she won't even answer," he said, reaching for the telephone, "but the papers will love it."

I had to call him back to the matter at hand. "Well, yes," he said, "I think you might enjoy meeting our South Dorset group. Very primitive huntsmen down there in Dorset. You should have an excellent day's sport."

At this point I realized that the Hunt Saboteurs enjoyed their sorties. In fact, hunt sabotaging seemed to be showing signs of developing into a sport in its own right. It had everything that was needed to make it a valid field sport. Intimate contact with the countryside. The pitting of wits against a crafty quarry well able to defend itself. The wild exhilaration of the chase, with physical danger ever present. At the end of the day, victory or defeat.

McNay talked about it in just this vein. "It's great," he said, "to get out there in the woods at dawn when it's cold and clear." The traffic roared down

Greek Street but he was a hundred miles away from it. "It's a thrill when you find a hole that they've stopped up." A lot of hunts employ earth-stoppers who go out the night before the meet, while the foxes are abroad in search of prey, to block their lairs to make sure they have no refuge during the next day's hunting. Instruction No. 1 in "Basic Tactics for the Disruption of Fox Hunts," a sheet of helpful hints that McNay had given me to study, was concerned with just this.

"Yes," said McNay, "you'll enjoy it in Dorset. You might practice a little fast rolling into ditches, and the quicker you learn to scramble over a hedge the better." I looked up to see if he was smiling, but he was not. "I'm staying in the car, remember?" I told him.

The venue did not turn out to be South Dorset after all. A late-night telephone call switched it to Wiltshire. Another, two nights later, to Somerset. Either the Hunt Saboteurs' security was highly professional or they did not trust me. Probably both. Trustingly though, after the last call which announced that we would hit the Mendip Farmers' Hunt in Somerset, I booked into a hotel in Shepton Mallet that was recommended in a good food guide. If I was going to get rid of my dog next morning, I reasoned, I might as well enjoy my last night.

When the headwater came up with an odd look on his face immediately after the smoked eel, I thought he was going to tell me that they had run out of Clos de Vougeot '65. Not at all. "There are some, or, gentlemen outside to see you," he said. Evidently I had slithered in his estimation and soon I could see why. In the foyer stood a small group of youths with shoulder-length hair, frayed denims and necks hung with chains from which dangled mystical symbols. One of them appeared to have been awarded the Iron Cross, which he wore, somewhat inconsistently, on the breast of a jacket announcing him to be a corporal in the U.S. Air Force. Momentarily I felt a sharp pang of sympathy for the Mendip Farmers' Hunt, but my visitors came forward smiling shyly, revealing in their midst a tiny, apple-cheeked girl.

continued

not more than 17, and when they spoke in soft West Country burs I soon realized how mistaken I was. They were wearing uniforms, just like the red-coated huntsmen. The barnmaid made the same mistake, though, when I brought them inside. "No scrumpy sold here," she snapped. "It makes you people oh-streperous." Scrumpy is a rough, homemade Somerset cider.

I told her to give my friends what they wanted, half-pints of bitter ale. "We always have this problem," Phillip Gray sighed. He turned out to be the leader of the local Hunt Saboteurs group. "You know what the fox hunters call us? Long-haired, layabout students. Well, all right, we've got the hair. But students? We posted notices in every campus around Bath and Bristol but we didn't get a single volunteer. They're more interested in Che Guevara than stopping fox hunting. I'm an engineering apprentice. We all work. Layabouts? Those huntsmen are out three times a week chasing foxes. Who are the layabouts?"

I calmed him with another bitter. "We've got difficulties with this hunt," said Phillip. "We've only hit them once before and we don't know the ground well, so it will hardly be worth going out to unstop earths in the early morning. Tomorrow we're going to have to improvise."

"Pity you couldn't come to see us doing the Beaufort," said another kid. "That's just about the poshest hunt in England, with the Duke of Beaufort up on his big bay horse. Now that's really funny."

"Or an otter hunt," said the girl, Susan. "Like the Courtney Tracy. That's in the summertime, though. We had 60 saboteurs out for the last hunt of the season, and six of us dressed up in hunt uniforms blowing horns, confusing everything. It was absolute comedy. All those awful people in green uniforms with steel-shod poles for prodding the otter. They went home early. They only caught two otter all last season."

"We got them in Lancashire as well!"

"We chased them across into Wales."

"All right," said Phillip. "Take it easy. It's a fox hunt tomorrow and that's a lot tougher." He glowered at a full-scale map spread across his knees. "Get word to everyone to meet at Farrington Gurney," he said. "That's a couple of miles from where the hunt is going to meet at Clapton. If we turn up earlier than nec-

essary at Clapton they'll know and they'll try to fix the meet for somewhere else."

"The ones you really have to watch out for are the hunt supporters. Most of them are big, meaty farm workers, the type that can swing a 25-gallon milk churn up onto a truck. The last time we hit the Beaufort one of them said he was going to pick me up and put me in his pocket."

Maybe I could stay with Susan. I thought. They wouldn't hit a girl, would they? I decided I didn't want to hear any more horror stories. Leaving them to their bitter, I went upstairs to study my basic-tactics sheet.

Most of the suggestions were straightforward. Bogus horn-blowing to distract the hounds. Pretending to be a supporter and giving misleading instructions to the hunt ("He went thataway!"). Spraying strong-smelling but harmless substances from aerosol cans on roads and at field entrances to deaden the hounds' sense of smell. Driving slowly down country lanes with the choke out for the same purpose. Laying a smoke screen between hounds and quarry with a marine distress signal if the gap between them is closing rapidly. Some instructions were mildly naughty—"Call the hounds 'dogs' within earshot of the huntsman. His sensibilities are not designed to take it"—but most of them backed up the Hunt Saboteurs' claim to be nonviolent. Walk away from a potential fight. Cooperate with police ("It's nice to have them around sometimes"). Try to see that the press doesn't stir things up for a story. Don't frighten the horses. None of this would apply to me, of course. I would be inside the car, casting a cool, amused eye on the proceedings.

I woke to rain rattling on the window: a cold, wet, blustery December morning. I eased myself into my saboteurs' survival gear. Inconspicuous sweater and pants, drab green and brown. Soft hat, well pulled down. An old raincoat. If the need arose I reckoned I could pass as an unsuccessful farmer, feudal down to my rubber boots. "God bless your honor!" I rehearsed to the mirror, courteously opening a gate for the Master of Foxhounds.

I was slightly ashamed an hour later as the local saboteurs tumbled out of a Ford camper and a battered Land Rover. More cars brought a London contingent led by Ian McNay. We must

have been 25 strong. Nobody else looked like a feudal farmer. Some carried highly polished brass hunting horns that they referred to as bugles. Others had aerosol sprays labeled "Anti-Meat" and "No-Fol," compounds intended by the manufacturers to make life difficult for hitches in season but on this day meant to put hounds off the scent. We gathered around the 2½-inch-to-a-mile map that showed every field and cottage. "Reckon they'll go down Folly Hill toward Midsomer Norton," said Phillip. "Buglers ought to get away now." Four specialists who were going to hide in different parts of the woods to try to split the pack with bogus calls were driven away.

Phillip surveyed his remaining force. "Buck into the transport," he said.

"Hang on a minute!" shouted Susan. "Miss Smith is on her way!"

Down the road, through the rain, plodded a small square lady with short graying hair. She carried a huge shopping bag from which hung a towel. "Miss Annie Smith," muttered McNay. "She has every hunt within 50 miles of Bristol. Comes out on the bus. She's a gallant old girl but she's not fast enough to get out of trouble. And she's very good at causing it. We'll have to try to find a car role for her."

"Good morning, m'dears," beamed Miss Smith. Out of her bag she hauled a plastic bottle that held half a gallon of a brown, evil-looking compound. "Saboteurs Special, me loves," she said, shaking it vigorously. "Made it myself!"

"In the car, Annie," said Phillip, "and try to stay in it for a while." I pulled out behind the last car as our caravan moved slowly off.

The meet itself was on a patch of green grass in the middle of Clapton. McNay was right. The men on horseback looked huge. One of them, possibly the master, doffed his cap to the saboteurs, who were already moving around spraying the roadway and the hedges close to the hounds. "Good morning!" he said. So far all was formal and expected, the early moves of grandmasters in a chess game. "Maybe we should prosecute them under the clean-air act," said a glacial-looking lady rider, wrinkling her nose.

Within minutes the hunt was clattering down the road, as forecast by Phillip, toward Midsomer Norton. A Land Rover full of saboteurs followed close on

the horses' heels. I was a little slow in starting up and a small farm truck slipped in front of me. It didn't pick up speed, though. It ground forward at 5 mph and when I saw the driver grinning back at me I realized that this was a hunt supporter, sabotaging the saboteurs. My cover had been penetrated. The tactic was not successful for long, however. Uninvolved motorists, actually going about their business, honked loudly. The hunt supporter had to speed up and soon I was pulling in behind the other saboteur vehicles at a farm gate. Baptism of fire, hey? I left the car without thinking about my security, anxious to tell the others.

They didn't seem overly interested. Paul was sitting on the grass, nursing his left foot. "Trod on," he said disgustedly. The others were inclined to dismiss the incident as not proven, so far as malice was concerned. Having a horse's hump shoved in your face and your foot stomped on could be accidental. Really feudal hunt supporters, somebody said, had been known to say "Sorry" to the horse when it happened to them.

We could see the hunt moving slowly down the valley below us, not purposefully, still looking for a scent. Then they disappeared into a small wood. Back in the cars again, we set off to get to the

other side of the valley where we reckoned the riders eventually would emerge.

It is very hard to follow the progress of a saboteur strike because the whole thing is a series of small guerrilla actions fought over a big area and I only could catch glimpses as I took on a new role at the request of Phillip, which was keeping Miss Smith out of trouble by driving her around the periphery of the hunt area while she gleefully sprayed the hedges with her brown brew. "That'll stop 'em in their tracks, m'dear," she crowed, although it was hard to see how the hounds working in the fields inside could be affected.

We came on little dark-eyed Susan standing by the abandoned Land Rover (Basic Saboteur Tactic No. 5: "Don't leave cars unattended"). She did not look nearly as demure as she had the previous evening. "The bloody idiots ran out of petrol!" she said. McNay's car came roaring up with a canful.

"Follow me up the hill," McNay shouted, ignoring the outburst. From the hilltop we could look right down into the green basin and there was indeed a sight to be seen—the pack split into three while the "gone aways" and "tally-hos" rang out from three different horns deep in the undergrowth at widely separated points. "Buglers don't a good job this morning," said Miss Smith

approvingly. Red-coated figures in the valley bottom were riding around trying to whip the hounds into a unit again.

By lunchtime we reckoned that we were well ahead on points. There had been no kill, or, as saboteurs prefer to put it, they hadn't caught one yet. It was early to celebrate but I was about to suggest a break when a blond boy, very red in the face, came up the road, being helped by another saboteur.

We got him into the back seat of the car. His hands were bleeding and his breath was coming in gulps. "Big bloke," he heaved, "down the bottom there. Didn't give me the chance. Maniac in a bowler hat on a huge black horse. He was whipping me across the head and I was saying 'Stop. Stop.' But he wouldn't. He was charging me around the field. Kept knocking me down on the barbed wire." He stopped for breath, then remembered the worst thing. "He got my bloody bugle off me!"

They'd had bad luck, his companion said. They'd been bugling in the woods, then decided to change ground. They'd come into a little clearing where a bridge crossed a stream and they'd run straight into the whole hunt. "There were people all around," said the second boy. "They just sat on their horses watching. Their women and all."

"Never caught a fox, though, did they?" said Susan triumphantly. That was the cheering thought that was needed and as we stood there the hunt came back up the road, more slowly than they started out from the meet. "They're giving up!" said McNay. "They're changing ground!"

They rode past us, looking straight ahead. It was too much for Miss Smith. Head and shoulders out of the car window she shouted at a group of women riders, "Ooh, you cruel, wicked, painted hussies!" Someone dragged her back inside fast. Meanwhile I had forgotten my resolution to stay in the car some while back, and I was standing at the side of the road. The hunt had gone by and their supporters were following in cars. Suddenly I realized that the small blue car which was approaching was accelerating fast and swinging right at me. I had a glimpse of a red, angry face at the wheel and then I was safe in the hedge.

"They really get mad, don't they?" someone said mildly. At that point I knew for sure that I wasn't brave enough to make a Hunt Saboteur. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY CRANHAM



ANNIE SMITH HAS DEVISED FOX TACTICS TO MASK THE SCENT AND WAYLAY THE HOUNDS

MR. ROTH GOES TO THE BOAT SHOW

Despite his many admirable traits, Arnold Roth, an artist who works out of Princeton, N.J., simply will not be serious. When Roth says, "Real life is a magnacorn of sport," as all too frequently he does, he is just having fun with us. To Roth, great art is anything but sacred. Viewing an old master to which all Princeton recently paid homage, he remarked to a museum director, "Best picture I've seen since *Deep Throat*." Scanning a modern masterpiece by the eminent Robert Motherwell with Motherwell himself, he said, "Wonderful picture. Could you do it in green?" The really spooky thing about Roth—the more so because he is a man of sane and gentle men—is that he says he

pants exactly what he sees. On the eve of the winter boat show season, Roth offers here a sketchbook of the

things he sees in New York's show. The irreverence of his approach may be excused in part by the fact that Roth has never been a yachtsman. "When I was a kid, who knew from boats?" he says complacently. "The one boat in my life was the ferry from Philadelphia. That only got me to Camden." The mature Roth voyages solely on the bays and rivers of his mind. That being the wondrous instrument it is, who can say Roth does not see what he says he does. Ah well, if you run into the Ancient Manner outside the New York Coliseum, don't panic. Just say Arnold sent you.





Roth portrays some handmaidens of publicity.



He peers in on the ultimate thr Kicker.

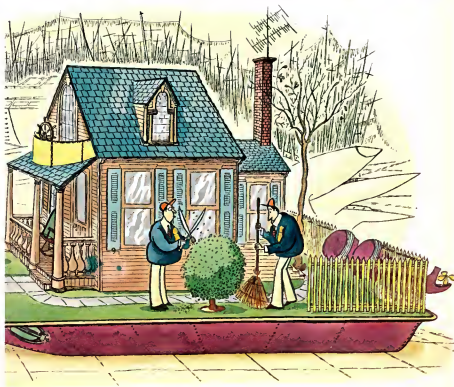
And queues the customers for a product of his fevered mind.





Surely you've seen them: the sales sirens, the little old ladies in life jackets, the foot-through-the-boat clunisses, the sanitation detail, the houseboat that's a home. You say you haven't? Ah, well, keep looking and you will.







Better watch your step in a Rothian show or you'll end up in a slave ship.

Or perhaps look around and notice a species of underseas craft closing in.



AND NOW TO BE SERIOUS

Few activities in life can claim as many upright daydreamers as those glossy and seductive displays called boat shows. One's old boat may have been a good and faithful servant, but under the spell of the new, the urge to junk it tends to be overwhelming. When large numbers of these dreamers become doers by signing sales contracts, the boating industry anticipates smooth and profitable sailing in the year ahead. As this show season begins, the industry's nose for profits is fairly aquiver. It has just completed its "biggest year in history," the economy continues to be strong, boating is growing apace and there are more shows than ever. Indeed, it takes nearly four pages in *The Boating Industry* just to list the bare details.

Big shows are on right now in San Francisco and New Orleans and are coming soon to Chicago and Miami, but the one the industry will be watching most closely is the National show in New York, oldest and largest of them all. It runs from Jan. 26 to Feb. 4, and if it approaches the sales and crowds of that vintage year 1969, then 1973 should be buffo for boating biz. In '69 the New York show drew 421,800 people and reported \$57.8 million in on-the-floor business. Attendance has declined in each succeeding year and sales bottomed out at \$50.2 million in 1971 before rising to \$56.4 million last year. In that boom year, if you will pardon a few more numbers, there were more than nine million boats on the water, utilized at one time or another by 46 million people, who spent a grand total of

\$3.9 billion on boats and services. In the sail vs. powerboat race the engines had it, as usual, with more than six million out- and inboards as compared with 690,000 sailboats. The latest phenomenon in shows—in-the-water events—apparently has stimulated sales without cutting into the crowds of the traditional in-house winter variety.

Every show has to have a "queen," i.e., the biggest hull one can stuff into a given building, and in New York it is a 46-foot Bertram motor yacht moored in mid-Coliseum. It has a fiber-glass hull, as most everything does these days, with that famous easy-riding Vee bottom brought out years ago by Designer Ray Hunt. Powered by two GM diesels, the Bertram will cruise from Palm Beach to Nassau and back without a fuel stop. Under way, its passengers may tune in a 21-inch color television or draw a bath in a "color coordinated" tub—a rare luxury afloat.

Judging by the big middle range of boats being offered this year—the fishermen, the small cruisers, the runabouts—there is a wholesome trend in design. Gaudy fins that served no purpose except to ape some of the auto industry's excesses have almost entirely disappeared, while safety materials, such as fire-retardant fiber glass, are coming in. Bayhead's 31-foot fisherman is an example—and contains enough non-sink stuff to keep the occupants above water if a major unpleasantness occurs.

The center-console fisherman continues to be a hot item. Two of the newest and most interesting are the redesigned 21-foot Outrage built by the folks who gave you the ubiquitous little Boston Whaler, and a 26-footer by Charlie Morgan. Morgan is the sailorman who built a boating empire (which he sold at a nice profit to Beatrice Foods) and campaigned unsuccessfully for the 1970 America's Cup defense with a sloop of

his own design, *Heritage*. After a lifetime in sail he has switched to power as Boca Grande Boats. He leaves astern a sailboat field swarming with manufacturers of hulls 30 feet overall or smaller. This is the heart of the mass market. Most people just can't afford sailing auxiliaries that are much larger. If today's 30-footer costs as much as yesterday's 45-footer, well, designers have tried to provide as much usable room below-decks as was available in the larger craft, and there is no doubt they have made them easier to handle.

Biggest sailboat in the National is the Cruising 45, designed and built by Ted Irwin of St. Petersburg, Fla. As the name suggests, it is no racer, but a boat for the man who has at least \$45,000 to spend and wants to poke around under sail in considerable comfort. The smallest sailboat, an Australian thimble called the Blinks Dink, is 38 feet and thousands less. More typical of the day is a lusty little 27-foot sloop from O'Day that doubles as cruiser and racer. The "27" has bunks for five and relatively decent headroom for its size and, at \$6,995 less sails, a favorable dollar-per-foot price tag. Alan Gurney, designer of the famed ocean speedster *Windward Passage*, is responsible for its lines, and now it becomes O'Day's flagship, 35,000 boats after Hull One.

Along with a new glitter, the boating year undoubtedly will bring new controls. Some are already on the books: maximum loadings for boats under 20 feet, stricter life-preserver regulations. The Federal Environmental Protection Agency intends that all boats with toilets be equipped with holding tanks by 1978—a massive and difficult undertaking. And some form of licensing for boatmen seems to be in the offing. For the moment, though, the show's the thing.

—HUGH D. WHALE



PEOPLE

★ "It's probably the raciest thing I've ever done," said **Mike Hiss**, rookie of the year in last May's Indianapolis 500. "It'll certainly give me a lot of exposure." The 31-year-old Californian was talking about being the first male nude centerfold in a new magazine called *Playgirl*. Hiss was in Indianapolis with his wife Arlene to pose for the picture that shows him covered only by his racing helmet. "That helmet is always good protection," Hiss said. When *Playgirl* Publisher Bill Hartford first proposed the idea, Hiss said, "My first reaction was, 'Absolutely not.' But after a while, I couldn't think of a good reason not to." After an instant negative reaction of her own, Arlene relented when she realized everything would be in good taste. She, interestingly, has been driving race cars longer than Mike, but she has yet to make a centerfold.

Not that it's hard. Using a basketball and little more for her protection, **Linda Helesz**, a 23-year-old graduate of Point Park College in downtown Pittsburgh, posed for the Pioneers' basketball brochure on a buffalo rug, then resumed her duties as the team's ball girl. The Pioneers don't play that well, but then

who's watching them very much?

Wearing a solar topee, ex-Astronaut **Neil Armstrong** recently went to Africa as peaceful pursuit of the square-tipped white rhinoceros. Not moonlighting, Professor Armstrong, an occasional lecturer on environmental studies at the University of Cincinnati, observed the capture of a rhino that was immobilized by a drug dart fired from an air rifle. Always a man of few words, Armstrong said that this was the second great experience of his life. He did not name the first one.

The now-it-can-be-sold department. At one point during the season there was a show-down in the Pittsburgh Steeler locker room. Or maybe it was a show off—and **Frenchy Fuqua**, the intended receiver on the now famous deflected pass, won as usual. "Everybody fat-mouths their rags," says Fuqua of the annual event, "so we have this playoff. With an announcer and all. They had a white hope, Jim Clark, but I put him away quickly. Clark broke out with powder-blue silk briefs. I countered with my red bikinis. He pulled on some zebra-stripe stockings. I had my red panty

hose on him. He cut back with blue velour pants I broke out in plaids. He was fading, and I hadn't even got to the bulk of my dry goods. I hit him with the rest of my three-piece red suit, with a blood-red turtleneck. Then my knockout stuff, three-inch-high-heel white boots, a white wool wraparound monogrammed coat, a glass cane. When I broke down my white, gangster-style hat on one side like only I can, that was it. No one keeps up with Frenchy Fuqua in the threads department."

Ms. Marie McARD, who weighs 98 pounds, pulled a 12-ton truck down a street in Bedford, England—by her teeth. As a crowd cheered, McARD clamped her jaws on a tow rope and the truck advanced 50 yards in three minutes. It took 30 more minutes and a life-giving beer to restore McARD's voice, whereupon she explained her strange mission: "I wanted to prove it could be done by a woman."

Football widows unable or unwilling to take **Pat Nixon's** advice on how to end their state of bereavement (simply watch the games, too, Mrs. Nixon suggested) have received solace from another source: **Jay Cobb**, manager of the Regent Theatre in Cedar Falls, Iowa, set up three television sets for the ladies in the lobby of his theater. Alongside the sets he placed a sledgehammer. On New Year's Eve he invited the women to anticipate the morrow's bowl games in any way they deemed appropriate. Cobb reports that they had a smashing good time.

Mount Everest climber **Chris Bonington** confirmed a suspicion shared by many fathers. After returning from an excursion with his children, the British climber reported, "Going on a family camping trip with kids

is infinitely tougher, infinitely rougher and infinitely more nerve-racking than any mountaineering expedition."

Toby Kimball, the prematurely bald substitute for the Kansas City-Omaha Kings (**SCOTT CARD**, Jan. 15), has somehow inspired a madness called the **Toby Kimball Movement**. A maharooming fan club, whose motto is **Bald is Beautiful**, makes an infernal racket with air horns whenever Kimball gets into a game or scores a point. Hero worship has reached such extremes that someone stole Kimball's warm-up jackets the other night. Two days later Carlos Salazar, founder of the movement, received a telephone call telling him how he could ransom the sacred objects. The caller told Salazar to go to Toby's Market (no relation to Kimball) in Kansas City. There he was to go to the frozen-food section and put an envelope containing two tickets for the Jan. 9 game against the Knicks in the third frozen turkey pie from the top. Then he was to wait nearby in his car. Salazar did so, and presently a little girl appeared with the warmups, handed them to Salazar and explained that a man had given her \$1 to make the delivery.

Bellinda Green of Australia is the new Miss World. What does the plan to do with her \$7,050 prize money? "Well, first of all I have to buy 52 boomerangs for my fellow contestants. Then I'll think of something to do with the rest." Blue Cross?

The Washington press corps, feeling worse for wear, had a present for outgoing Secretary of Defense **Melvin R. Laird**, who, according to the reporters' records, was undefeated and unscored upon. The gift, a football, inscribed simply, "Laird 194, Press 0." That's defense.



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The Swedes are meatballs no more

Everybody used to feast on little Augustana, but now the Vikings are parceling out defeats for all

Rock Island. It is one of those resonant names that ring in the American consciousness. Rock Island, that "mighty fine line." Notorious Rock Island, Ill., the Union equivalent of Andersonville, where many a Confederate soldier ended his war. Rock Island, where a maladroit young surveyor named Abraham Lincoln once worked. But the world has not heard a lot from Rock Island recently, ostentation being a kind of Lutheran sin eschewed by the gentle Swedes who largely settled the region. Together with Moline and East Moline on the Illinois side of the river and Davenport on the Iowa side, Rock Islanders, almost unnoticed, have been making half the world's tractors and farm implements and raising and shipping a very respectable proportion of its grain, beef and pork. Not glamour stuff, but handy if you like to eat.

Least obtrusive of all is the city's little citadel of Lutheranism, Augustana College. For generations the pastors of rural churches throughout Illinois and Iowa sent the brightest of their flocks to the alma mater on the bluffs above the Mississippi. From thence they returned, quieter and more thoughtful than ever, to lead their useful, quiet lives. And unobtrusiveness was carried to the extreme of absolute invisibility by Augustana's athletic teams. In 70 years of basketball Augustana had exactly three seasons in which it won 20 games. The 1-13 and 3-14 and 7-17 seasons were far more common. The first time in many years that the college's antique Swedish



COACH BORCHERING IS A MAN WITH HIGH IDEALS, LIKE HAMMING (LEFT) AND LAING

victory bell was rung was when Augustana won a national championship in debate against the Ivy League. The entire student body met the team at the station and escorted the conquering heroes to the bell tower. In an area that raves about its high school basketball, Augustana would get mentioned in a tag-end newspaper paragraph after page upon page of high school stories.

The college, in several words, had become just plain old Augie, a nice reassuring neighbor but no more stimulating than the girl next door. But without Augustana itself being particularly aware of it, there had been considerable change in recent years. The Swedish farmers and shippers and implement-makers were growing modestly prosperous—and their sons were growing taller. It seemed logical to hire a new basketball coach and to build a huge new field house. The first the outside world really knew of this was last March when the resurrected Vikings of Augustana burst upon the Kansas City NAIA small-college tournament. It was like recess in a mead hall. The effect to one unforewarned observer was of a whole team of 7-foot Max von Sydows suddenly run-

ning onto the floor in warmup pants, von Sydows who were quick, had fine moves and could shoot from outside. Behind them came half a dozen Liv Ullmanns and Ann-Margrets as cheerleaders—one even named Mary Moline—and from up in the stands came an enormous, awesome noise. A thousand demented Norsemen, as berserk as their ancestors ever had been, had a team to cheer about at last.

The unheralded Vikings, who do include some Dutchmen and Germans among their cast, pushed No. 1-rated Eau Claire of Wisconsin to the edge of tournament extinction before bowing out, their first loss in 18 games. They started the 1972-73 season with a 10-game streak, then lost to second-ranked Sam Houston State by a point on a highly disputed call in the finals of the Quincy (Ill.) Holiday Tournament.

Orchestrating all this has been a red-dish blond, sometimes madman named Jim Borchering, an Eric the Red reincarnated. Borchering has two blond post men, John Laing and Bruce Hamming. Laing, 7 feet tall, and Hamming, almost that high, both tower academically, with nearly perfect grade averages.

The two whipsaw top-grade competition unmercifully, either in a double stack power offense or a double low post 2-2-1. Among the rest, Chuck Menzer is only 6'6", but has a way of hitting 50% of his shots from beyond 20 feet. Mark Brooks, the other wingman, is also a good shot and plays fine defense. And the man who holds it all together is 6', slightly bald Drew Boster, who never seems to lose his composure. The Vikings even have that big-school luxury, a genuine supersub, Jim VanDeCassele, who really does come into games and swish the 25-foot last-second shot in overtime.

It is the front line, though, that makes the team go, particularly Laing. Only three days out of the infirmary, where he was recovering from nonconcussive, he outscored, outrebounced and outblocked Eau Claire's ballyhooed Mike Ratliff. Laing has tremendous jumping ability, and for all his aggressive moves from the top of the lane, he is one of the gentlest men in basketball.

Augustana got Laing in a typical coup. One day John's sister Jean wandered into Borchering's office and told the coach that she had a brother who played basketball. Borchering didn't pay much attention until she mentioned that John was 6'8" and still growing. Unfortunately, Laing led his team to the state tournament, thereby causing big-time coaches like Ralph Miller of Iowa to pursue him. But he still went to Augie; his sister sold him on his academic virtues.

A sensation as a freshman—he came off the bench to score 22 points against Eau Claire—Hannum did not cost a man to recruit, either. His father is a top-rated geography professor at Augustana. And Menzer came to Augie because his pastor said he should. He has scored over 1,000 points in three years. Brooks was almost ignored by recruiters. Like Menzer, he shoots almost 50% from outside and has scored well over 1,000 points. Boster was not even highly regarded by Augie, but he quietly does such essential things as getting 18 assists in one game.

Augustana's ascension—it is presently ranked sixth among small colleges—coincides with the arrival of Borchering, who was hired as a baseball coach. He was pressed into service as head basketball coach for a typical Augie reason: his predecessor left to study for a

doctorate. A fervent disciple of Miller, he is a compelling Billy Sunday type. "Borch has an incredible sense of timing about people," says Dr. Thomas Tredway, dean of Augustana. "He knows precisely when people need to be kicked and when they need to be told aw —, it's just a game."

The Vikings obey Borchering's demands for team balance and unselfishness with such enthusiasm that they make Bill Bradley look like Pete Maravich. With relish they swallow rules that most coaches would blanch at: "Your squad membership is granted by the coach and can be revoked at any time. . . . We tolerate no insubordination. Address each member of the staff as 'Coach' or 'Mr.' You leave the squad if you fail once to show proper respect. . . . You will always be treated fairly here. If you think otherwise, come and see me, not anyone else. . . . No *fish*, *profanity* or *dirty* play will ever be tolerated. . . . The player with the ball is to create a shot for a teammate, not for himself." Etc., etc. Heavens forbid that an Augie player grandstand.

The Vikings say they take this and love it because the martinet in Borchering is only a micron deep. Whatever the reason, it works, and Augustana marches on through competition both thick and thin. Its most recent games were supposed to be competitive. First came Illinois Wesleyan, toughest of the Vikings' rivals in the College Conference of Illinois and Wisconsin. Before last year, Augie had lost 10 straight at Wesleyan. Fans poured in for the game at Bloomington, and space was so limited that some sat on the bench when the players left it. The Vikings won by 13. Elmhurst, the foe on Thursday, was co-leader in the conference and averaging 100.3 points per game. Augustana shot 56.8% from the floor and Borchering put in the subs when Augie went 30 points ahead. North Park, an Evangelical Covenant school from Chicago, came to Rock Island Saturday, and the field house again was packed with worried rooters. No need to worry. Augustana won 78-59.

Dean Tredway sat in his office high atop Zion Hill after the latest rout, watching the afternoon light dim over the International Harvester plant and the John Deere buildings in the valley. "There's a nervous guessing game in

the valley called, 'When will the Big Ten steal Borchering?'" he said. "Maybe it won't. Borch knows that basketball is not life, and he doesn't want to be trapped into winning, either. We all know that it will be like Bill Bradley's days at Princeton—nice, almost necessary, but over and done with finally. On the other hand, we also know that life is not all libraries and sheep grazing on green hills with J. S. Bach floating above it all.

"We're not playing basketball or winning because other people think it is the thing to do. There was resentment when this glossy athletic building was built. Some people thought the money should have gone into classrooms. But now even our most conservative old Swedes believe this bunch of kids are as good representatives morally and humanistically as they could hope for. That is why, although we know there is a value in winning games and a value in not winning games, this year we'd like to experience the virtues of winning."

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

EAST Massachusetts invaded the Palatka with only a 4-4 record, but no one was all that impressed with mighty Pennsylvania. "We saw them against Harvard and, although they won, we didn't feel they showed a killer instinct," said U. Mass Coach Jack Leaman. "We felt if we stayed close, anything might happen in the final five minutes."

What happened was that Penn did little more shooting than the spectators, and U. Mass won 62-58, which had Quaker Coach Chuck Daly raging. "This is not the Penn team that was ranked second or third in the country and blew schools off the floor with great talent," he said. "This team has to learn how to fight, and right now I don't see it in this bunch. They are reluctant shooters."

Their shyness apparently abated, the Quakers came back to down Princeton 58-53. "We were playing up to the old Penn reputation," said Guard John Beecroft. "We decided after Massachusetts that we had better go out there and play the game."

St. Joseph's downed Drexel 68-53, and Mike Bantom came away saying he felt like he had been in a fight. "I've been on corners in North Philadelphia that aren't that rough," he said. "I'd rather match talent

continued

any day than play a team that tries to neutralize me by beating me into nothing."

Cannitus gained a leg of the Little Three title in Buffalo, whipping Niagara 74-69 behind Mel Montgomery's career high 25 points. Providence suited up for UCLA by scoring a record 118 points to dump Western Kentucky by 30, then got 51 points from backcourt men Ernie DeGregorio and Kevin Spacon in an 88-79 triumph over Duquesne.

With Syracuse standing at 9-2 and his own club only 6-5, Temple Coach Harry Lawack announced he again was thinking of retiring. Charged up, the Owls all but blew Syracuse out in the first half (34-18), hung on and won 63-55 with 12 straight free throws at the finish. Syracuse's game faltered badly when Dennis DuVal played just five minutes before being sidelined by a pulled hamstring muscle.

"Dennis leads us in scoring and assists, his quickness helps our press and he mops the floor at halftime," said Coach Roy Danforth. "Other than that, he doesn't do much for us."

1. PROVIDENCE (10-1) 2. ST. JOHN'S (8-2)

SOUTH At Alabama, where people used to think a double dribble was a pair of gnt stains on a linemaker's T shirt, they have discovered that putting a round ball through a hoop can be more than a pause between football seasons. Saturday night the Tide took a 7-1 record into Nashville, where it had not won since the Korean War, bounced high and mighty Vandy 83-77 and, for the love of Bear Bryant, was atop the Southeastern Conference. Just four years ago Alabama won only four games and thought it was having a fair season. Vandy twice took nine-point leads in the second half, but then the Commodores began to play as though they thought the basket was five rows deep in the bleachers. Led by Wendell Hudson with 22 rebounds and 27 points, Alabama turned what Vandy coaches had been calling Super Saturday into a super disaster. "Our bunch has really matured," said Brna Coach C. M. Newton.

Elsewhere in the SEC, Kentucky sprang from the cellar into a second-place tie by beating Mississippi State 90-81 and shocking Florida 95-65. "We had a good game plan," moaned Georgia Coach Ken Rasmussen after losing to Tennessee 79-64. "We wanted to do four things and we didn't do any of them." Apparently Georgia's first mistake was using Tennessee's basket during the pregame warmup. "I stared my boys up," said Vol Coach Ray Mears.

"If you treat them like freshmen, they play like freshmen," said Georgetown Coach John Thompson when he started four first-year men against Florida State. "Forget the youth myth. You either have it or you don't."

They didn't. FSU won 101-70. Still smarting from three previous losses, FSU spotted Cincinnati a nine-point lead before winning 78-74. It was Cincinnati's third defense of the week, and the second time rookie Coach Gale Catlett's team had blown a big early lead. "If the game was only 20 minutes long we'd be great," Catlett snapped. "But it isn't and we don't deserve to be in the Top 20. Maybe some of our people with national reputations aren't as good as people think."

After taking a 19-point lead and then losing to Southwestern Louisiana 94-88 in overtime, Catlett benched his leading scorer, Lloyd Batts, for missing a curfew. Three days later, with lowly Rice leading 17-10 just 10 minutes into the game, the benching was quickly lifted. It didn't help. Batts hit on only four of 20 shots, and Rice won 63-57.

No one has noticed, but unranked Virginia Tech has been doing a lot of things right. Early in the week, with 67 Allan Bristow outscoring heralded Danny Traylor 33-2, Tech stunned South Carolina 81-68, and then backed it up with a 100-90 victory over Georgia Southern. That made it nine straight. "I guess if we keep winning," Coach Don DeVoe said dryly, "the polls will notice us."

At Memphis State, where Coach Gene Bartow has been badgered to use Bill Cook, the 6' 5" freshman from Memphis who broke all of Johnny Neumann's high school scoring records, the fans were satiated. Cook came in against St. Louis with eight minutes to play in the first half, scored 14 points and was five out of seven from the field. Memphis went on to win its ninth straight 72-60. "Now maybe I'll get only seven letters a week [about Cook] instead of 100," Bartow said.

1. N.C. STATE (12-0) 2. MARYLAND (10-1)

MIDWEST

There is an old basketball proverb—or there should be—which says that if you protect a one-point lead by giving the other team the last shot, sooner or later you are going to get buried. For Marquette, which has been doing just that all season, sooner or later came Saturday. "We were ripe," said Coach Al McGuire. Down by 10 at one point in the second half, Notre Dame came on with a rush to tie 69-69 with 35 seconds left, and with four seconds remaining, sophomore Dwight Clay hit a jumper from the right corner, and previously unbeaten Marquette's 81-game winning streak at home died 71-69. "We played it just right," said Irish Coach Digger Phelps. "What I didn't want to do was get a lead and irritate them. I just felt we had to somehow get behind—and then pull it out at the end." Earlier in the week Notre Dame overcame a 10-point

deficit to beat De Paul 72-67 while Marquette, which had won its previous three games by a total of four points, was beating Loyola of Chicago by the enormous margin of 82-77. "We're getting better," said McGuire after that one. "This time we clinched it with 14 seconds to play."

Michigan came from nowhere to beat Iowa 71-59 and then Michigan State 78-71, and the Wolverines are now where Minnesota was expected to be, on top of the Big Ten. "To beat Michigan I need a special defense," said Spartan Coach Gus Ganakas. What he came up with was something called the Greek Ghetto defense, a move which put his 5' 5" son Gary against Michigan's 6' 3½" Henry Wilmore. So Wilmore sank 13 of 19 shots, seven from the corner over the little man's head. And it did not help when Michigan State turned the ball over 25 times. "But we expected some turnovers," said Ganakas. "We're kind of a flaky team."

1. MARQUETTE (11-1) 2. MINNESOTA (10-1)

WEST

For a half against UCLA, California's lovely Golden Bears wore giant-killing grizzlies. Down 33-13 at intermission, John Wooden rallied his troops, Bill Walton began to score as he is supposed to score, and UCLA won easily 69-50, running its victory streak to 57, three shy of the record San Francisco compiled in 1954-56. This week UCLA will have to get past San Francisco and its strong front line on Friday night in Los Angeles and rugged Pepperdine on Saturday. San Francisco, now 12-1, warmed for the task last week by whipping Loyola of Los Angeles 102-72 and Pepperdine 104-84.

Down 55-54 with 25 seconds to play, Brigham Young Coach Glenn Potter twice called time-outs. He told his team that whoever had the ball with five seconds left was to shoot. The player turned out to be Kresimir Cosic, the 6' 11" Yugoslav Olympian, who happened to be 25 feet out and tightly double-teamed. But Cosic hit and BYU won over UTEP 56-55. "The way I've been shooting," he said, "I figured a 25-footer under pressure was safer than a five-foot pass."

Later Brigham Young was dealt a 69-62 loss by New Mexico. One-third of the Lobo points came from Chester (The Hawk) Fuller, who had an 11 of 13 hand from the floor. "I felt I had it going," he said. "You know, it's like when you're shooting dice. You hit a streak and you go." The victory was New Mexico's third of the week (and 12th in 14 games) after two losses the previous week. "What turned us around?" said Forward Mark Saters. "Fear of Coach Norrin Ellenberger. He's really been after us."

1. UCLA (12-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (12-0)



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Barbarians, keep out

In certain fishing circles the very word "purist" is anathema. "What're you, some kind of purist?" an angler might inquire of a friend spin-casting a red-and-white Dardevle spoon from the stern of the boat while he lobs a skewered shiner into a school of hungry bonito churning in the chum line. Or, standing elbow to elbow in the rain on the banks of the Eel River during the November steelhead run, a fisherman will sum up a companion's refusal of his proffered jar of neon-orange-dyed salmon eggs in favor of a homemade concoction consisting of beef suet and lemon peel soaked in sardine oil. "Nevermind Charlie, he's a purist." In the language of politics a purist is the "effete snob" of the fishing fraternity; the term has become as much of a catchphrase as that other handy viliification, "special-interest group."

Specifically, a fishing purist is an angler who prefers fly casting to any other form of the sport; it is a mandarin choice, a matter of style. Further refinements abound; there are dry-fly purists who look upon weighted nymphs and sinking lines with the same disapprobation with which they would regard a purse seine. A common purist tendency seems to be a willingness to release the catch, the philosophy of "limiting the kill rather than killing the limit." This isn't to say that there aren't those fly-fishermen who, with the aplomb of a wily worm merchant, stack trout in the deepfreeze like cordwood, but on the whole purity means an empty creel and a continuing

postgraduate course on artificials for frequently hooked fish.

Significantly, more and more public waters are being restricted to fly-fishing. In many areas the fish population, even when aided by expensive stocking programs, is no longer equal to the pressure from ever-increasing legions of weekend anglers. Yellowstone Park, for example, confronted summer after summer by thousands of trout rotting in campsite garbage pails, has outlawed bait fishing, and many of the finer rivers (the Madison, the Firehole and stretches of the Gibbon) are posted, FLY-FISHING ONLY.

Still, park regulations permit the use of spinning tackle with a plastic casting bubble on the restricted water as long as the lure is an artificial fly—hardly a concession to the purist ethic. There is, however, in the Deschutes National Forest of eastern Oregon, a fishing spot reserved for the purest of the pure—a lake where the limit is zero. Not only is fly casting the only fishing technique permitted, but the flies must have barbless hooks. To a purist, Homer Lake, with the volcanic cone of Bachelor Butte mirrored on its still surface like a Hokusai view of Fuji, is the Zen center of the art of angling.

Twenty years ago it was known as Mud Lake. Shallow, and dense with carp, the silty bottom was continually roiled by the vacuum-cleaner feeding habits of this whiskered, thick-lipped fish. Now a carp may be a fine addition to a rice

continued

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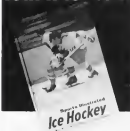
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FISHING continued

paddy but it is hardly a species dear to the hearts of many American anglers. So Mud Lake was selected by the Oregon Game Commission as part of an experiment in introducing Atlantic salmon to Western waters.

Starting in 1951, with salmon eggs from Quebec, a state hatchery succeeded by 1958 in breeding a second generation of disease-resistant salmon. Mud Lake was treated with rotenone and tons of poisoned carp were removed. By the time the first Atlantic salmon were planted, the silt had settled and the coffee-colored lake was crystal clear.

The first open season at Hosmer Lake was 1961. A creel limit of one fish per person was permitted, but even this proved too heavy a toll, and by the second season the regulations stated that "all fish must be removed from the hook and released in the water unharmed." Over the years the restrictions were narrowed to exclude spinning reels, monofilament line (except as backing) and the commonplace barbed hook. Hosmer Lake became a purist's Mecca.

To get there you drive 35 miles west of Bend on the Century Drive. Solid curtains of pine surround the lake, but it is not the spectacular scenery which is the main attraction here; the headliner at Hosmer Lake is the aristocrat of freshwater game fish, the Atlantic salmon.

On a day with no wind a fisherman can see a considerable distance through the clear water. The nearly white bottom is everywhere scribed with the vermiculations of caddis larvae dragging their handmade pebble-and-twig armor through the silt. Long unwavering belly tracks of feeding fish beset the screen-shaw. Standing in a small boat an angler can spot cruising salmon, singles and groups, and make his cast to a particular fish.

Hosmer Lake is best described as two separate bodies of water. The lower end, serviced by the boat ramp and campsites, is deeper and appears to contain fewer fish. Although motors up to 10 hp are permitted (except when fishing), the noise of an outboard is an unwanted intrusion, and the lake is really small enough to make rowing seem a pleasure. Between the lower and upper ends, where a waterway winds through tall stands of reeds, billowing clouds of green algae pass beneath the gliding boat. Occasionally, large brook trout are seen here, the white edges of their wavering

dorsal fins distinct against the shadows. They may be kept if caught, but are extremely wary and make for the reeds at the slightest disturbance.

The upper end of the lake is shallow and has better fishing. Small grassy islands make it possible to fish from shore out in the middle of the water, but a boat is more convenient since the salmon, having all been caught and released so many times, are also quite wary and often require a bit of finding. Although there are hatches at certain times of the year when salmon can be taken on dry-flies, a well-presented Caddis Nymph is almost always effective.

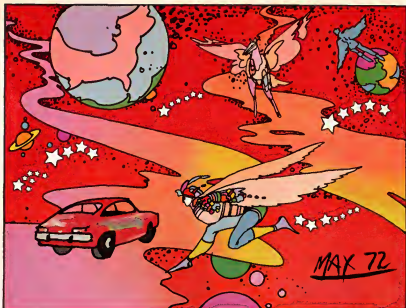
The fishing in many ways resembles the silent-stalk techniques perfected on the saltwater flats. The salmon in Hosmer Lake, like bonefish on the flats, can be seen at a distance feeding along the bottom, and the adrenalin boost is much the same for the overanxious angler as he fumbles with his tackle. Accuracy and timing are important here, too, since the salmon, like his saltwater cousin, will often spook at noise from the boat, and the splash of sloppy casting drives the fish away as effectively as the passing shadow of an osprey.

But, when at some lucky time everything goes right, and the cast straightens and silently intersects a fish's probable path in time for the weighted nymph to sink to the bottom where the naturals are, then, one hopes, on the retrieve the salmon will turn, follow and take. The acrobatics of the ensuing struggle have inspired a thousand glossy magazine cover paintings.

After Labor Day, Hosmer Lake is pure, even of other purists; it is not uncommon to be the only boat on the water. The silence and a sense of wonder conspire to make this business of delicate tapered rods and imitation insects seem almost mystical. The mood is further enhanced by the very special pleasure it gives an angler to release his catch.

Despite recent heroic efforts to save them, it is still conceivable that the days of the Atlantic salmon as migratory, anadromous fish may be numbered, and their future existence limited to such man-made conditions as Hosmer Lake, where the salmon seldom spawn but must be hatchery raised and released when mature. Unless there's more to fishing than the fillet, the future of the sport remains precarious. It doesn't take much of a purist to see that.

END



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They were unable to reach agreement on divorce

But a failure to split into two divisions was only one of the things the National Collegiate Athletic Association didn't do at its convention

The NCAA convened in Chicago last week and before the cigar smoke had cleared, its familiar and often tedious struggle against other major alphabetical powers—AAU, USOC, ABA—now included itself. As Pogo once declared, "We have met the enemy and he is us."

There were high purposes and complicated matters to be considered at this NCAA convention, even though they may prove much ado about little. Dodging lettermen were better left nodding in the Palmer House lobby than led to the fray in the mirrored, chandelied Red Lacquer Room. Nowadays, athletic directors need to be more familiar with Robert's Rules of Order than the rules of games.

For one, the conveners were asked to consider reorganizing the NCAA into two divisions with separate bylaws according to the scope of their programs and level of competition—in other words, separating the Alabamas from the Bowdoin's—but the prospect of making a distinction between haves and have-nots made agreement on divorce impossible. Nor did the convention show much inclination to follow administrative pressures back home and accept measures aimed at cutting the cost of athletics.

What it did accomplish, if that be the word, was repeal of the 1.6 scholarship rule in favor of less restrictive criteria based on high school performance, a move which NCAA Executive Director Walter Byers considered mistaken. "It is considerably easier to score 2.0 in high school than to predict 1.6 for your freshman year in college," he said.

And, while increasing the number of candidates who can qualify for aid, the NCAA limited the number of grants

which can be given. The new numbers permit no more than 105 scholarship football players or 18 basketball players on any one squad. This will more evenly distribute the available playing talent but, together with the 1.6 repeal, significantly reduces the chances of an average prospect winning an athletic grant. Previously, colleges with top football teams could have as many as 180 football players on scholarship.

Scholarship limitation was only one item aimed at lowering the cost of college athletics, which rose 108% in the 1960s. Revenue has risen, too, but it cannot match what has become a \$40 million annual deficit. College presidents do not like this kind of athletic loss. "Our administrators are very aware of what we're doing here," Atlantic Coast Conference Commissioner Bob James said early in the week. "There can be no more procrastination. We must not go home empty-handed."

Other proposed cost-cutting legislation included coaching-staff limitations, granting scholarships on a partial-need basis and restricting spring practice to noncontact drills. That none of these items passed suited the American Football Coaches Association just fine.

The AFCA was meeting a few blocks away at the Conrad Hilton, and its executive director, Bill Murray, encouraged the coaches "to get involved in what they're doing over at the Palmer House, because if you don't get your point across these things will be approved."

"Cutting costs by cutting football is the most ridiculous notion in the history of America," thundered USC's John McKay, who is occasionally given to overstatement. "I think that what some of these people really want to do is bring

us down to their level. They don't understand that football has to do well for the other sports to survive. It can't do well if they put limitations on it. They talk about reducing coaching staffs. Well, I think we're over-secretaired."

The fact is, however, that institutions with huge stenographic pools like USC do not have the same problems, interests or ambitions as most other NCAA members. This was largely the rationale for the reorganization legislation. "We very much need to create a situation where people involved with a particular problem, no matter what their level of competition, are able to solve it themselves," said Big Eight Commissioner Chuck Neinas.

Even though reorganization was recognized as an idea whose time should have come—81% of schools that participated in a survey a little over a year ago favored the concept—the measure failed. The proposed legislation was the work of a committee chaired by a University of Oklahoma law professor, Dave Swank, who tried to convince opponents that while his was not the best possible proposal, at least it was a first step. The particulars bothered too many people, however. Swank's plan recommended two divisions when at least three seemed more appropriate. It banished 30% of the 243 current University Division schools, including Mississippi, Utah State and Miami, into the new Division II class. And it incurred the wrath of the Eastern College Athletic Conference. The ECAC includes 211 schools of the 665 in the NCAA, and it supports institutional autonomy and self-determination the way Southerners did in the 1860s. "We wanted reorganization as much as anyone, but that includes changing the council also," said ECAC Com-

continued

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COLLEGE SPORTS continued

missioner Scotty Whitelaw, who marshaled about 120 negative votes in Chicago. "The ECAC represents a different philosophy from most of the NCAA. Only a few of us are really interested in competing for the national championship in football. We don't want to be controlled by a super elite of those who do."

Swank, who never did express confidence about his proposal's chances, was no better at answering arguments than his committee was at drawing up an acceptable solution. "Being from the University of Oklahoma, perhaps I don't understand the problems of the smaller schools," he admitted.

A major objection to the recommendation was that it promised autonomy while prohibiting one division from passing less restrictive proposals without the consent of the other. "How can you have self-determination with a rule like that?" asked Delaware Athletic Director Dave Nelson. "We don't believe in self-determination," answered Swank.

Both at a round-table discussion and on the day of the vote, opponents rose in force to speak against the proposal. "We're supposed to be trying to save money," said Enne McCoy, Miami's athletic director, "but for us to stay with the major schools where we've always been, we'd have to add two sports to our curriculum." (One criterion for belonging to Division I would have been that a school field teams in eight sports.) Grambling's C. D. Henry said he would be satisfied with Division II status, but not if Grambling was unable to compete on the same basis for football players as Division I schools.

Had the measure passed, the two divisions would have considered the other proposals separately, actually voting with different colored paddles. "It took me days to get those paddles ready," said one NCAA staffer. "Now they have all the usefulness of McGovern-Eagleton buttons."

Except for the passage of scholarship limitations, fears of a restructuring of big-time athletics proved quite unfounded. "I can tell you that basically the Big Ten is very, very pleased with the outcome of this convention," said the conference commissioner, Wayne Duke. "We wanted reorganization, of course, and I personally feel that repeal of the 1.6 rule is a step backward, but we like the position we're in. The scholarship

limitations will put us in line with conferences like the Big Eight. We've done things like this all by ourselves before, and it was always a disaster. We won't again. The Big Ten will return as a major power, you better believe it."

The scholarship-limitation rule will have an adverse effect on the Southeastern and Southwest conferences, although Georgia's Vance Dooley felt that "the top schools should always be able to attract the top players no matter how many scholarships are allowed. The best thing is that we're no worse off than anyone else."

Dooley could also join the other football-oriented schools, University and College Division alike, in expressing relief that the proposal allowing scholarships on a partial-need basis did not pass. Arguments against it were persuasive. UCLA's faculty representative predicted "cheating of all kinds" under a need system and Notre Dame's Rev. Edmund Joyce detailed them. "There would be great pressure on the part of coaches and enthusiastic alumni to get around something like this," he said, "and I think families might be encouraged to cheat a bit, too. There is a feeling across the country that a blue-chip athlete should get a full ride and I don't know how we'd change it."

Byers thought such matters as need and spring practice limitations might be accepted by the smaller schools operating on a separate legislative and competitive basis. "That's why reorganization is important," he said. "Larger and smaller schools see the money situation differently. With our diversified membership it is difficult to make progress in dealing with detailed problems. I had thought two-divisional reorganization would pass this year and we could expand to three next year, but I did not anticipate the united strength of the ECAC or the discontent among the College Division schools."

Reorganization will be presented again, but the support of Whitelaw's Eastern bloc will be crucial for passage. "It's obvious," said Pacific-8 Commissioner Wiles Hallock, "that anything we propose will have to take the ECAC into serious consideration." Another reorganization proponent added, "I think our best hope is that next year we meet in San Francisco. Not as many of those Eastern schools will show up."

Don't bet on it.

END

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The penchant of good old boys with New York accents and deadly jump shots to head for the Old South—specifically the Carolinas—to bring the local citizenry strange new words and all manner of fancy trophies has long been an accepted phenomenon of college basketball. Now that Carolina has a professional team, gussied up in green and blue, called the Cougars, perhaps it was only a matter of time before a pair of those same fellows went back down there to see if a certain 6' 3" Carolinian was right, that you can't go home again.

The two gents who made the trip, Larry Brown and Billy Cunningham, are transplanted New Yorkers who once starred for the University of North Carolina. They returned this year after lengthy absences to join the Cougars and they found that, indeed, things have not

Home is where the hoop is

changed. Carolinians are as fond as ever of Northerners, just so long as they put the ball in the hole.

After half a season with Brown coaching and the 6' 7" Cunningham playing forward, the Cougars seem likely to get a whole passel of awards, among them Coach of the Year, Most Valuable Player and the ABA's Eastern Division championship trophies—just the sort of hardware needed to set Carolina fans calling their team the Big Green Machine.

In their three previous seasons playing in various cities across North Carolina, the Cougars were the Big Green Blob. Their record at this time last year was almost the reverse of their current 33-15 mark, the best in the ABA. And, while the team finished next to last in the Eastern Division in 1971-72, this season it has not been out of first place since opening night. Before losing one of its three games last week, Carolina had run off 11 straight wins.

All of which is threatening to make the Cougars a Long Green Machine. As the first of pro basketball's regional franchises, Carolina had been a financial flop and until this year the viability of the regional concept was still much in doubt. But despite a "blizzard" (3½ inches of snow) that closed schools in Greensboro all last week and cut into Cougar attendance, the team could make money for the first time if it gets as far as the second playoff round. Attendance is up almost 45%. Two weekends ago, when the Cougars and the University of North Carolina played on successive nights in the Greensboro Coliseum, the pros drew more than 10,000, the Tar Heels only 6,400.

The Cougars' turnaround has been engineered by the 32-year-old Brown, whose previous coaching experience came during five years as a counselor at

Camp Keeyumah in Orson, Pa. and two with the UNC frosh. Brown himself still looks like a freshman—in high school except for the dark circles under his eyes and his exquisitely tailored clothes.

There long has been reason to expect that Brown would be an excellent coach, for he so neatly fits the stereotype of how coaches are supposed to develop. A 5' 9" guard, he became a star at North Carolina, an Olympian and, finally, an accomplished pro by using smarts and guts to make up for lack of size and speed. Last spring, when he retired as a player from the Denver Rockets after five seasons in the ABA, Brown held the unofficial league records for dribbles dribbled and passes passed. No ABA player has had more assists (2,509) or more ball-handling errors (1,447). As those figures indicate, Brown was both

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PRO BASKETBALL continued

a fine playmaker and an inveterate gambler, a parlay that once prompted his college coach, Frank McGuire, to tell him, "I searched the whole country [to McGuire searching the whole country meant he looked in Manhattan, the Bronx, Brooklyn—in the wilds of which he found Cunningham—and Queens before he discovered Brown at Long Island's Long Beach High] for a good Jewish guard because I know they're the smartest. I thought I had found just what I wanted when I got you. Now you come down here and play like an Irishman."

As a coach, Brown's style remains one of high risk, particularly on defense. The Cougars' defensive language is full of terms—trap, man-to-man press, run-and-jump in, double, one-pass-away deny, front, zone press, overplay, weak-side sag, rotate in the direction from which help comes, offer the lob—that translate into a single function: pressure. In the pros it is widely held that gambling defenses, especially full-court presses, should be used only in desperate situations late in games, since experienced professionals know all too well how to break a press and get open for easy buckets.

The Cougars have found that by alternately playing zone (legal in full-court situations and illegally used by most pro teams in some half-court defenses) and man-to-man configurations, and by applying them in predetermined circumstances over half, three-fourths or the entire court, they can confuse opponents. The constant changes generally have prevented the opposition from scoring breakaway baskets, and the wholesale aggression has made up for Carolina's rebounding inadequacies by forcing a league-leading 1,146 turnovers. Four Cougars—Cunningham, Joe Caldwell, Gene Little and Hounddog McClain—are among the ABA's top 10 in steals made.

"I've never seen a team use this much pressure and get away with it except Boston," says Cunningham, "and the Celtics always had Bill Russell backing them up if their gambling didn't pay off. When I got to training camp and Larry told me what he planned to do, I thought there might be a few things loose in his head. To run a defense like this means concentrating and working all the time. If one of our guys fails to do what he should, the whole thing falls apart. It demands lots of extra energy, but Larry's

been able to sell us on it. That's the best thing he's done as a coach."

Brown made his sales pitch doubly tough by deciding that to make his kind of defense work he needed fresh players in the game at all times. He routinely uses 10 men in the first half, resting even Cunningham and Caldwell, who in the past have often played 48 minutes a game. At guard, where Brown considers freshness particularly important, he has rotated four men, giving each equal playing time in almost every game. Consequently, defense-oriented Littles and McClain have seen far more action than they might have on other clubs, and former All-Stars Mack Calvin and Steve Jones have seen less. But even though he has played only 28 minutes per game, Calvin has averaged 17.8 points and, in a 110-97 victory over the Nets last Tuesday, Jones appeared for just 25 minutes but scored 30 points by making 14 of 17 shots.

"Sure I'd love to play more," says Jones, who came to Carolina from Dallas in November. "I've always scored a lot and it's difficult getting used to having so little time to hit your average. But what can I say? I've scored 20 a game on other teams and lost. Here I'm averaging 13 and we're winning. That's the man's answer to any complaints I might have."

Brown does not claim that he found the answers all by himself. He says his pressure tactics came straight from the playbook of his former UNC boss Dean Smith, and the Cougars' zone press is one that Caldwell remembers from his days with Atlanta in the NBA. Brown has played for many distinguished coaches, including McGuire, Smith, Henry Iba, Alex Hannum and Al Bianchi, and admits he stole from every one.

"I don't believe I'm smart enough to think up anything myself," he says. "I've sat with pieces of paper and tried to lay out things with Xs and Os and I never get any place. One thing I think I've come to realize that maybe some others haven't is that you've got to be willing to try different ideas no matter where they come from. Too many pro coaches think there is only one way to play, that they've got to go with seven guys doing it all for 80 games. But you can't risk tiring them out."

"This is especially true for us. We don't have that much rebounding, particularly after our starting center, Mike

Lewis, ripped his Achilles' in the 16th game of the season. So we've got to go out and force other teams into doing things they don't want to do. Pro players are too talented to be allowed to get into their offense. If that happens, they'll kill you. So you stop it by gambling, by trying something new."

Caldwell and Cunningham have both shown a past willingness to try something new—the ABA, for example. Caldwell jumped from the Hawks to Carolina two years ago and five months later suffered an injury that required surgery on his right knee. Last season, as he slowly rounded into shape, he was subjected to considerable pressure from management, which suspected him of malingering, and from Cougar fans, many of whom believed he was washed up. One newspaper suggested that a rocking chair be placed at each end of the floor so that Caldwell could rest between his infrequent dashes downtown. It was not until the final 10 games of the season that he began to exhibit the tough defense and fast breaks that had been his strength as an NBA All-Star. This year Caldwell is the Cougar who needs the least assistance guarding his man, and he is the only forward in the ABA who regularly "does a job" on Virginia's Julius Erving, the league's top scorer.

According to the terms of a contract he signed in 1969, Cunningham was scheduled to hop from the NBA's 76ers to the Cougars two seasons ago. Before his departure date, he charged Carolina with failing to meet part of the agreed bonus provision and signed a new contract with Philadelphia. A Federal District Court supported his contention. "After that decision was made, I thought there was no way I'd ever play in Carolina, even though I knew the Cougars were appealing the ruling," he says. One day last spring, while Cunningham was en route to make a paint commercial, his plane landed in Baltimore and a stewardess brought him a note from the terminal. "You're now a Cougar," it read. After recovering from his surprise, Cunningham realized that Carolina's victory in the U.S. Court of Appeals was a blessing in disguise. Last season was his first on a losing pro team and his prediction that Philadelphia's record was not likely to improve has come true.

"I didn't want to experience a year like that again," he says. "It's just as easy to be a loser as a winner. Once

you get used to it, it becomes too easy to accept. Last season was no fun. We had no chance after midseason to make the playoffs. For the first time it became hard work to play well, and I didn't want it to get that way permanently."

As soon as the court decision was announced, the Cougars pasted up signs reading BILLY C IS BACK on outgoing mail, billboards, car bumpers and out-house walls. Tar Heel fans remembered Cunningham as a crashing player under the boards. The Billy C who returned is that and more. During his stay in Philadelphia he had become a confident outside shooter and an extraordinary passer. He is currently the most valuable player in the ABA, ranking fourth in scoring and rebounding, sixth in assists, second in steals and ninth in blocked shots. He leads the Cougars in all these categories, but not in the one in which he often used to dominate the NBA: technical fouls. An accomplished ref baiter, Cunningham has accumulated 11 technicals thus far, a goodly total but not enough to oust his coach, whose boyishness apparently goes unappreciated by the officials. They have nailed him 17 times.

Even though their winning streak was broken in a sloppy 105-93 loss at New York last Wednesday, the Cougars have had little to get technical about since mid-December. Their string of victories, five of which were by six points or less, allowed them to hold off the surge of the East's preseason favorite, Kentucky. The Colonels have won 20 of 24 since late November, but still trail the Cougars by three games. And Carolina looked as if it might be off on a new streak after a 129-106 victory over Dallas. Even with Caldwell out of the lineup nursing another sore knee—his left—the Cougars won in their typical fashion. Dallas pulled down eight more rebounds, but Carolina outscored them 15-3, the thefts resulting in flurries of uncontested baskets for Carolina, which shot 60% for the game. Cunningham had seven steals to go with his 23 points, 14 rebounds and 11 assists, while Calvin, getting slightly more playing time than he usually does, finished with 30 points in 29 minutes. All of which left Brown—who had spent the game alternately badgering the refs with words as blue as his nifty cut-velvet suit and laughing at them—happy to be home again, even if it was a home away from home.

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has made himself a bundle—and
stayed as sweet as he was*
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Chris Schenkel, the mild-mannered sportscaster who seems to carry about him a faint odor of vanilla, said he certainly did not see the humor in the old line "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen the farm?" All through childhood Schenkel saw the farm, and as an adult he returned to it often for R&R. Now he is back to stay, except for brief expeditions to the Olympics, the Indianapolis 500, NCAA football, NBA basketball and other major sports

continued



events on behalf of ABC. "I love the Indiana farm country," Schenkel said in the demure baritone that seems to rise effortlessly from his size 14½ Adam's apple. "I'd never go back to New York City to live. But don't say anything bad about New York. New York was good to me."

Don't say anything bad about New York. Also, he requests that you don't say anything bad about the sports Establishment. Or officials. Or coaches. Or those wonderful young men down on the field giving their all in this glorious setting for this magnificent game right here in beautiful Collegetown, U.S.A. "Sometimes Chris Schenkel comes across like a junior high school cheerleader," said one of his early critics. "But there's less to him than that."

There's more, too, but Christopher Eugene Schenkel, in his 50th season of life, seems determined to let his critics go unanswered and his career speak for itself. Years ago he hit on certain rules for broadcasting success: Don't upstage the event you're covering. Don't out-mouth the color man. Don't talk the listeners' heads off. Keep a low profile and work hard, and one day you'll be a millionaire. It worked, so who can argue? Certainly not some of the logor-

rhetic announcers who started out with Schenkel and now sell encyclopedias door to door while Schenkel continues to slip into your parlor once or twice a week, invited or otherwise, as he has for nearly three decades.

After so long a career, awards can be misleading, but if sheer poundage of trophies and plaques is any criterion, Schenkel must be considered far and away the best in the business. One whole room of his new home in Lake Tipton, Ind. is jammed with them, and dozens more are in packing boxes. There is hardly a sportscasting tribute Schenkel has not won, except the most prized of all, the Emmy, and ABC is pushing hard to bring that one home for Schenkel this year after four previous nominations.

Emmy winner or not, the pencil-shaped, hazel-eyed Schenkel remains the archetypal Hoosier—and proud of it. He is a world-class name-dropper, but of a disarming sort. He doesn't give you the sly look and the studied nonchalance followed by, "Oh, yeah, I know the Chief Justice. Burtle and I go 'way back." His name-dropping is rather of the innocently idolatrous variety, much less common in sporting show biz. "Jack Nicklaus!" he'll say. "Now there's a great guy! How lucky can I get, to be personal friends

with somebody like Jack Nicklaus. What a lovely person!" He goes on for hours about the color announcers he has worked with and how they enriched his life. "Men like Byron Nelson, Bud Wilkinson, Billy Welu, Bill Russell—why, do you realize they were all the best in their fields? These are great people! And they've stayed friends. Isn't that great? To have friends like that? In a million years I could never repay the industry for giving me a chance like this. How else could a guy like me have met people like Gene Cernan and John Glenn?"

Schenkel is so irrepressibly and enthusiastically upbeat that he sometimes makes constant listeners want to throw up. He seems to be broadcasting perfect events in a flawless world; unseemly developments are simply ignored, and the positive is accentuated with gusto. He refers to the flag as "Old Glory," and when the colors are marched into the stadium before a game he says, "Oh, what a beautiful sight!" His favorite all-purpose remark is "I love it" which he applies to motherhood, the Protestant ethic, fidelity, beer, the work of Winston Homer, conservatism in politics and anything customarily regarded as old-fashioned. His best friend, Indiana dairyman Rodger Nelson, says, "Old-fashioned values are the greatest things in Chris' world. Like consideration for others. When he doesn't point out a missed tackle, it's not because he's a Pollyanna or because he's a dummy, it's because he knows that player's family might be watching, and Chris is just not gonna single the kid out for criticism. That's old-fashioned courtesy. Chris is an Indiana farm boy in the best sense of that term."

The student of Chris Schenkel, searching for cracks in the nonpareil's character, might fix on the fact that he drinks an occasional drop of gin or Scotch and jeroboams of beer, and that he occasionally says "hell" and "damn," even though he sounds as though he were trying to imitate the big kids when he does. "Profanity just doesn't come that naturally to me," he says, "and I hate hearing anybody use bad language in front of women, even though that's in vogue now. It really bothers me." At a Nebraska football game Schenkel reacted with premature horror when he saw two students waving a long streamer. "What a relief!" he said when it turned out to read HUCK THE HUSKERS. He dislikes

The old homestead: His sister and her family live there, but the cows belong to Chris.

broadcasting from the Los Angeles Coliseum because "you get this smell of marijuana and every once in a while one of those California freaks drops his pants in front of everybody. They think it's clever, but, gee, I wish they wouldn't do it in front of ladies." He disapproved of the old-world ambience at the Winter Olympics in Grenoble: "All those dirty Communists, and the French people smelled like they didn't bathe enough." So it develops that the quiet man has active dislikes; he just tries to keep them to himself for fear of undercutting the gaiety of nations and hurting somebody's feelings.

Like all such paragons, Schenkel manages to ruffle an occasional feather, but never intentionally. Once he hyped up a speech with a completely fictitious anecdote about Bob Cousy, the former Boston Celtic who suffers from a very slight speech impediment that turns an occasional "r" into a "w." Looking for a laugh, Schenkel told how Cousy came to him for elocutionary assistance. "So I told him to repeat, over and over, 'Russell/Ramsey/Rogers rarely rode a railroad train really,' and several days later Cousy told me, 'It worked! Gee, thanks, Kwiat!'"

At a subsequent banquet Schenkel and Cousy (the real Cousy) listened as ABC Sports President Roone Arledge launched into the same story, featuring himself and ending with the line, "Gee, thanks, Woonel!" Schenkel turned as red as the Communists of Grenoble and wound up apologizing lavishly. Cousy thanks the incident was funny, but Schenkel remains chagrined, to the joy of certain of his critics. There is something disturbing about moral perfection.

Chris Schenkel was brought up in the Indiana village of Bippus (pop. 275) between the Wabash and El Rivers. It is a community so thoroughly rustic that it was once described as "akin to a painting by Millet." Bippus is vintage James Whitcomb Riley, where the fodder's in the shock and fat pheasants loiter in the fields waiting to fly into your game bag. Prize hogs preen and graze in front yards, mistaking themselves for French poodles, and farmers vote the straight Republican ticket and grumble about the leftward drift at the state capital, Indianapolis, 85 miles to the south.

Chris Schenkel glories in Bippus, takes his friends there to show it off and expresses deep hurt when he learns that



At the new place, 30 miles away, Ted, Christina, Chris, Fran, John and Pety the dog line up near Lake Tippecanoe, where they recently lost—their canoe.

you don't know where Bippus is, don't care and have no intention of finding out. "Why, Herb Shriner got some of his best lines in Bippus!" Schenkel says proudly. "He used to say things like 'Bippus had a beauty contest and nobody won.' Whenever he got a little short on material, he'd come down to Bippus and talk to Glen Rittenhouse—'Rit the barber.' Rit's known all the way to Fort Wayne for his humor. What a great guy! What a friend he's been!"

For a time Schenkel engaged in a one-man campaign to put his hometown on the map, but not much came of it. "People would say, 'I heard you mention Bippus on the air. What's a Bippus?' I'd say, 'A Bippus is a hack town. That's a town where they call the cows by their first names.' It's true! I used to know every cow in our pasture."

Huntington County, Ind. was settled by no-nonsense immigrants, mostly Amish and Dunkard, who sought religious freedom and a few acres, and Schenkel was brought up on a strange admixture of Low German and broken English in a neat farmhouse just down the road from the church where Lloyd C. Douglas once preached. The area has changed hardly at all, except for signs in Bippus proclaiming it HOMETOWN OF

CHRIS SCHENKEL NATIONAL SPORTSCASTER. The slightly embarrassed Schenkel is lionized throughout the region. An elderly maiden lady keeps a Chris Schenkel scrapbook with his name in gold on the cover. The owner of Beebe's antique shop in Pierceton says, "Chris Schenkel? You know him? Is he all right?" The last words of Dr. Floyd B. Mitman, beloved local GP, were said to be, "I just wish Chris would get off cigarettes."

What philosophy did the young monument pick up in Bippus? "Work, work and more work," Schenkel says. "Up at six, milk the cows, feed the animals, walk to school, come back home and start right in on the afternoon chores. Every day. Once in a while I'd go fishing in Pony Creek—Pony Creek—and my father'd get upset. He thought fishing was a waste of time. A wonderful man, my father. He was a fanatic about two things—work and baseball. I had baseball shoved down my throat every Sunday—we'd have to go watch semipro teams. Maybe that's why I've never done much baseball. If I'm not interested in something, I can be bored quicker than anybody you know, and baseball has really bored me ever since childhood."

Schenkel has no nightmares about his rigorous upbringing. "We didn't think

continued

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1. Inspect/Correct Fluid Levels (including Battery).
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3. Inspect Drive Belts (Condition and Tension).
Correct if required.
4. Inspect and Clean Exhaust Gas Recirculation Valve.
5. Inspect Exhaust Gas Recirculation Discharge Port
(6 Cyl.). Clean if required.

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A front end alignment plus
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Correct if required.
4. Inspect and Clean Exhaust Gas Recirculation Valve.
5. Inspect Exhaust Gas Recirculation Discharge Port
(6 Cyl.). Clean if required.

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Don't ask a cold tablet
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Give your cold to Contac. Early. Get relief going fast.
That's what our early cold care is all about.

Contac. Number one in the whole world.

VIRTUE *continued*

we were put upon," he said. "Hell, every kid in Bippus lived exactly the same way. In the Depression my brothers and sisters and I'd split a candy bar six ways, and I'd have to separate the cream from the milk and take it to the town store to get enough money for groceries. We never went hungry. Our clothes were always patched, but they were always clean."

For a time Schenkel and his little brother Phil made a local name as The Harmony Cowboys, with 12-year-old Chris on guitar and 5-year-old Phil standing on a chair picking a mandolin. The Harmony Cowboys were on radio's National Barn Dance and had professional bookings in the Midwest, but the stern parents thought matters were getting out of hand and made the boys stop. By that time Chris had decided to become an announcer. "My imagination was fired by listening to Tod Husing. He made football sound so exciting, and horse racing, even golf. Listening to Husing you could visualize everything that was happening." The family had a console radio that made acetate recordings, and Schenkel practiced on guests. A cherished old photograph shows him decked out in overalls and a sharply raked farm-boy hat polishing his "man-on-the-street" technique down at the local grain elevator.

At 15 Schenkel covered his first live basketball tournament. "I conned Wilfred Bunco, the telephone man, into stringing phone lines from the Bippus gym to a P.A. system in front of the drugstore and Ritt's barbershop. It was illegal, but we did it." To the locals, weaned on Plattdeutsch, it sounded quite natural when Schenkel shouted into the mike, "There's the gun, and the game is all!"

Later Schenkel went to Purdue and other sports events. In his down-on-the-farm manner he covered a chicken-plucking contest at a county fair. "The contestants are ready! It's mighty innerestin', folks! There go the chickens into the boiler! water! Oh, my, feathers are flyin'!" One night he was squeezed into the stands, broadcasting a basketball game, when a woman behind him took umbrage at one of his remarks and walloped him across the earphones with her purse. "Oh, jeez!" Schenkel says, "I'll never forget that! What a crack!" Inevitably someone heard him on one of his better nights, and the country boy from

continued

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Bippus went to a radio station in Rhode Island—simultaneously apprenticing as a race caller at Narragansett Park.

Billy Ames, the track's P.R. director, had his own ideas of how to teach the race-calling business. He set Schenkel to work walking hots, mucking stalls and making color charts showing the silks of every stable. "There was one problem," Schenkel says. "My color perception is off, and that's how you cover a horse race, by color. So I had to work extra hard. Maybe there'd be three horses in the backstretch neck and neck and all the jocks were wearing red and green, and I always had a hard time with those two colors. So I had to look for things like a white bridle, bandages on the rear legs, a short bobbed tail. That's helped me to this day, in all sports. Those six years at Narragansett laid a foundation. If you made a mistake the criticism was immediate, because people were betting. If you called a horse in the wrong position you could hear the hoos—right while you were doing it. That trains you fast."

From Narragansett Schenkel went to New York for radio coverage of the football Giants, and from there to boxing and bowling and all the rest. But not without difficulties. "Right off, the ad agency man wanted me to change my name," Schenkel recalls with disdain. "He said, 'Listen, I think you ought to be Chris Cross or Chris Reynolds.' I didn't change my name because it would have been phony and also I was scared to death of my dad. He'd have killed me. Chris Cross? Can you imagine that?"

Working in the big city, Schenkel had to learn to move his voice out of his nose and into his voice box for resonance, and to excise ruralisms like "measure" for measure and "unnerstaa" for understand. Some of his Indiana pronunciations were so tenuous that they remain; he still says "arnise" for all right, and he has a tendency to drop t's, as in "kep" and "baskaball." In common with other citizens of Bippus, he turns words like "knows" and "school" into two syllables, and he accents "automobile" on the third syllable. Also in common with the natives, he speaks in the accent known to language subdividers as General American, as differentiated from New England and Southern. The General American accent falls gently on the average ear, which may help to explain Schenkel's professional longevity.

"Along the way I've pulled some real lulus," Schenkel says, modestly failing to note that every sportscaster has pulled real lulus in a profession where one stands alone and helpless, bereft of editors and copyreaders and other backup support. For years his specialty has been accidental spoonerisms, as in "Here's the cross of the coin." Once he announced breathlessly, "Notre Dame won the Cross." Since then he has been saying "flip of the coin" or "coin flip," and he has not yet blurred out "florn kip" or "kim floip," although it would not surprise him if he did.

Under extreme stress Schenkel has even managed to forget his name. "Doesn't everyone?" he says hopefully. The last such embarrassment was at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968. "I was so tired," Schenkel says. "We'd been doing four shows a day, live, and I'd just read a billboard—you know, something like 'The Olympic Games are brought to you by Texaco'—and I was concentrating so hard on the billboard that I came on camera and said, 'Good evening, I'm—I'm—.' Rooney was in my ear, via earplug, and he started laughing, and I started laughing, too. He said, 'Hey, your name is Chris Schenkel!' Those guys in your ear, they can get away with anything. Sometimes they tell me dirty jokes right in the middle of a football game. No wonder I lose the thread once in a while."

Schenkel's alltime slip of the tongue—the one that still makes him shudder—came in a Giants' laughter with the Washington Redskins. "It was the game where Y.A. Tittle threw seven touchdown passes to equal the NFL record, and Pat Summerall and I were whooping it up in the booth. When Del Shofner made a great move on the defensive halfback and scored, I announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, Del Shofner has just faked Claude Crabbs out of his jock!'"

"Pat almost fell off his chair. He whispered in my ear, 'Do you know what you just said?' I said, 'No.' He told me, and I announced, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid that I used a little bit of locker room language, and I apologize.' That was back in 1962 when a man wouldn't say 'jockstrap' in polite company if he was wearing three of them, but Schenkel rode out the temporary storm. He winced a few days later when he opened a letter from Fred Bowman, then president of Wilson Sporting

Goods. "Chris," Bowman had written, "you must remember that the correct nomenclature is 'athletic supporter'."

Schenkel learned from the painful incident. "It taught me that when you make an error, you should admit it. So now I speak right up and penalize myself 15 yards. You can't kid the viewers. They've become too sophisticated. I know all the famous stories about announcers fooling the listeners, but if you tried to lateral a horse nowadays you'd be laughed out of the business."

There is another reason why Schenkel, unlike most announcers, is quick to acknowledge his fluffs on the air. Out in television land lurks a legion of Schenkelphobes, many of them newspaper columnists, who relentlessly monitor his broadcasts for the sheer delight of catching him in a rock. Their motivations are varied. Some are perfectionists. Some are jealous, as in the case of certain writers who gripe aloud that Schenkel has built a six-figure income on a five-figure talent—a conclusion with which the party of the first part doesn't necessarily disagree. Some of the critics are downright sadistic and revel in the fact that attacking Schenkel is like attacking a man—the assailant is either ignored or forgiven.

Whatever their motivation, Schenkel's detractors have been loud and active ever since the lady hit him with her purse. The late Dan Parker almost made a career out of lambasting him in print. Says Schenkel, in a rare outburst, "If I mentioned Bippus on the Monday night fights, you could count on it: the next day Parker would write, 'Who cares about Bippus? What's at got to do with boxing?' Well, maybe it had something to do with a kid from a small town who was on the program. But Parker would just clobber me. The big phony!"

In those early years, Schenkel came in for frequent criticism for his pro-Giants cheerleading style, "but there was nothing I could do about that. Mr. Mara would say, 'Look, we're trying to build up pro football.' At the time the Giants had sold maybe 5,000 season tickets, and pro football was nothing. Anyway, I traveled with the Giants and they were my best friends, my brothers. I was the *Giants'* announcer, not the *Steelers'*, and I cheered for the Giants because I loved 'em. But, oh, how the columnists ripped me!"

Somewhere along the line Schenkel managed to invent an art form: "Schenkelese," Rick Talley, writing in the newspaper *Chicago Today*, defined Schenkelese as "the ability to convey meaningless words with sugar on them."

A cornerstone of the technique is the ultracomplimentary interview in which hardly anything is actually said, as in: "Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, congratulations on a great game."

"Thanks."

"You've always been a fine player."

"Thanks a lot."

"And Wes Unseld—what can I say, Wes? You just looked fine today."

"Thanks."

"A real credit to the game, ladies and gentlemen," Wes Unseld, a wonderful player and a great guy.

After a typical Schenkelese interview, one columnist inquired in print, "For this they pay him \$100,000?" The answer is no. They pay him \$250,000. Plus.

Another aspect of Schenkelese is the grandly irrelevant addendum, intoned as though it were Holy Writ (an art that Schenkel's ABC colleague, Howard Cosell, has taken over and lowered to new depths). Someone will make a 98-yard run, and Schenkel will announce, "And he did it *against the wind!*" Or Walt Frazier will run on court, and Schenkel will say, "Here comes Walt Frazier, who was born on March 29, 1945."

Some of the naysayers would have one believe that just plain stupidity is another hallmark of Schenkelese, citing his famous lines, "While Escalera comes from San Juan, Puerto Rico, he can speak Spanish well," or "There are so many trees here that Joyce Kilmer must have surveyed this course before she wrote *Trees*," Schenkel, who is not prone to debate, calls these mere "slips of the tongue," and one would have to be unreasonably cynical to doubt him. Anybody who speaks a couple of *Anthony Adverse's* worth of words into a microphone each year is bound to unleash an occasional galloping gaffe, and Schenkel's record is better than most.

Whatever whips and seams he may have to take from his hecklers, Schenkel is held in almost universal respect by his peers in the television business. The public knows only the image and the voice, but the insiders know about the commercial pressures, the incessant voices in the ear, the delicate timings and schedulings, the spotting difficulties,

the sponsors' importunings and all the other exasperating minutiae that make sportscasting far more difficult than it appears to the viewer. Schenkel has been named Sportscaster of the Year four times, and colleagues like Bill Flemming and Bud Wilkinson appear ready to do battle at the slightest denigration of their hero. Says Flemming, a close friend off-mike, "Some of the things you hear about Chris are enough to make you sick. There's a papier-mâché image of him as a pleasant, naive, harmless type who hung around for 30 years and lucked into some good jobs, and with a name like Schenkel he's probably Jewish and therefore he's got a lot of friends on Madison Ave. putting in the fix. Nothing could be further from the truth. Chris is just about the most accomplished sportscaster in the business, and not only because of what he does on the air. I'm talking about the four-hour luncheons with sponsors, the all-night flights after speaking to a sales convention somewhere, the night-clubbing with important people when he despises night-clubbing. I'm talking about the whole package."

Says Wilkinson: "The great thing about Chris is that he's the total pro. He's unflappable in any situation. You can never program the trouble out of live television, but Chris is always totally on top, always cool, always thoroughly kind and, above all, professional. And a fine human being on top of it."

Another reason for the high regard in which fellow broadcasters hold Schenkel is his willingness to ignore his own ego and play the fool in situations involving himself and experts. He does this with the touch of a good Hamlet downplaying his own lines to accentuate the gravedigger's. "The experts are there for a purpose," Schenkel says. "I try not to upstage 'em." He adds slyly, "Also, I'm not afraid for my job. I know several sportscasters who worry every telecast that somebody's gonna replace 'em. I don't feel that way."

Says Wilkinson, a regular beneficiary of Schenkel's generous style, "With all the different sports that Chris has covered, with all the knowledge he's accumulated, he can't come on as the totally knowledgeable expert that he really is, simply because it would be too difficult to accept him. The average person just couldn't believe what this man knows about sports. So Chris

just keeps his mouth shut and lets me do the experting."

Schenkel is also respected for his prodigious preparation, going all the way back to Narragansett. "I guess I just got in the habit," he says. "I don't feel comfortable unless I've thoroughly researched the subject myself. One time I was doing the Kentucky Derby and Tony Lee came in first and there was an inquiry. I had to fill for 20 minutes, and it was easy, because I'd prepared. When I was doing the Monday night fights we used to broadcast an hour of prelim bouts plus the main event 52 weeks a year, and I personally interviewed every fighter, made up a file on each one, so I'd know something about them. You have to do it. The other Thursday morning a man came up to me and said, 'What time are you leaving Saturday morning for the football game?' I said, 'In about an hour.' I don't think he believed me, but that's pretty routine in a sportscaster's schedule: two full days of preparation for a game. I don't respect anybody who tries to do it the easy way. Years ago one of our color men wouldn't prepare; he would wait till I went out for coffee before the game and then go through my material. I just don't understand cheating like that."

By far the most controversial of Schenkel's techniques is his dogged, persistent benignity, dating back to those early years with the Giants when he would have been fired for a sour note. "I try to put myself in the player's place," he explains. "In sports you should point out the good things, because people can see the bad things for themselves. In a college football game those players aren't playing for pay, they're representing their colleges, and I don't see why I should put the rap on them for a clip or a facemask. I don't think anybody at home cares to hear their names and numbers, either. Especially their families."

As Schenkel is fond of explaining, "I always try to remember what I was told by Harvey Foster when he was head of the FBI office in New York. I was feeling a little down, and Harvey said, 'What's the matter?' I said, 'Well, I keep doing the same things week in and week out and I just wonder if I'm contributing.'"

"Harvey said, 'Just remember, maybe there's a little 9-year-old kid somewhere, and if you can turn one athlete into

continued

that kid's hero you might keep the kid from doing something he shouldn't do later.' I always think of that. That's why you'll never hear me say, 'A 15-yard penalty, face-mask violation, and they called the foul on Fred Turner.' I'd never do that. I still see sports heroes as heroes, and I think the audience sees 'em the same way."

As belits one with such a reverential attitude, Schenkel tries to hold his own words to a minimum, giving the contestants the full stage whenever possible, an approach that is growing increasingly rare on network television. There has been an undercurrent of competitive resentment between ABC's high-pressure Gifford-Cosell-Meredith team and its homier Schenkel-Wilkinson-Flemming team, and one knows exactly what Schenkel means when he says, "Sports announcers cannot get bigger than the game. The stars of the show are down there on the field, not up in the booth. Listen: an announcer is a necessary evil. He should watch the monitor 70 percent of the time and he should strive to write captions that'll add another dimension. That and the basics: down and yardage, time of game, the score, things like that. That's all he should try to do."

If this intentionally understated approach brings Schenkel tons of flying fertilizer, it also brings his share of raves. President Nixon picked up his sports hot line and congratulated Schenkel for his Olympic coverage last year, and Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska inserted his own review into the *Congressional Record*. "... by the time ABC completed its near 65 hours of Olympic Games coverage ... I felt sure that if I was to knock on one of the doors on my street I would find that Chris Schenkel lived there. He has that quality of neighborliness that brought the Olympic spirit home." By Schenkel's own reckoning, the kindest remark of his career was relayed by Jim Plunkett, quarterback of the New England Patriots. Schenkel recalls, "Jim's parents are blind, you know, and one day he told me that his mother had asked to be remembered. She said, 'Tell Chris it's always a pleasure to see him on television.' That answers those critics who say, 'When a message flashes up on the screen, why do you insist on reading it aloud? Don't you know we can read?' Well, Mrs. Plunkett and thousands of others can't."

There are two schools of thought about Schenkel's future: the boobbirds who worry that he'll go on for another 30 years, and the admirers who are afraid he'll crack under the most hectic pace in broadcasting. "His greatest asset is also his greatest liability," says Bill Flemming. "He can't say no." Echoes Schenkel's beautiful wife, Fran Paige, a former Copacabana dancer, "It's a good thing he wasn't born a girl."

The Schenkels have been married for 18 years, and Fran thinks it's time her husband slowed down. "But it won't happen," she says with mock mournfulness. "The Bippus Tornado had so much respect for his own father, he'll never quit working hard. Old Mr. Schenkel was supposed to be in full retirement at 80, but he'd sit at the window and watch the men work and then go out and do it himself on the tractor. He just couldn't retire, and neither can my husband."

"Fran raised the kids," Schenkel says apologetically, "and she did a great job." (Christina is 17; Ted 14; John 9.)

"Thanks a lot," says Fran, "but I'm getting tired of hearing them call you Uncle Duddy."

For a time close friends like Flemming and dairyman Rodger Nelson hoped that the purchase of a handsome lakefront home and a 208-acre Indiana farm would slow Schenkel down, but instead he bought a \$250,000 airplane, the better to zip around to more and more games, conventions, ribbon-cuttings, board meetings, sales conferences and luncheons. On the family's first night in the house, Schenkel dropped in on them at four a.m. from a speech date, then emplaned two hours later for a meeting at ABC headquarters in New York. "That's O.K.," Fran says wearily. "I'm used to it. Our honeymoon lasted one night. Then he had to go to a fight."

Schenkel, like many other American businessmen, seems aware of the problem but incapable of doing much about it, although he is constantly resolving to change. "I try to save myself a little bit by staying off the party circuit as much as possible," he says. "Like the night before a Saturday football game, I'll have a couple of martinis [sic] and dinner and go to bed. I used to go to pre-game parties, but I just can't keep up. And I hate party talk anyway. I'm one of those. Can you imagine anything duller than a drinking party with a bunch

of sports announcers and sportswriters?"

Jumping from time zone to time zone, he occasionally indulges in a little help from his friends, e.g. Seconal, but one night in California he learned the danger of mixing barbiturates and alcohol. "I had to make a sales pitch early the next day," he recalls, "and I had a Seconal on top of three or four Scotchies. All of a sudden I started blacking out and coming back, blacking out and coming back, and then I began to gag. A doctor had to give me a shot."

"I just plain worry about him," says Flemming. "He's six feet tall and he weighs 140 pounds and he smokes three packs a day and drinks a quart of coffee to keep going. Now what's he gonna use for reserve if he gets hit by something like pneumonia? It's gonna take him right out."

"Aw, shucks," says Schenkel, "I wish they wouldn't worry so much. All I want to do is relax and play the organ in our house and raise purebred cattle."

When?

"When I get tired of sportscasting."

When will that be?

"Well, I don't know," Schenkel says, obviously less than thrilled with the subject of relaxation. "Right now I love my job as much as I ever did. You have to have a lot of ego to enjoy this business. I still love to see my name in print. Some people have to sign autographs, but I love it. I'll stand there all night if that's what the people want. I learned this from Arnold Palmer. I've seen him lose by a stroke on the final hole and then sign autographs right down to the last kid in line. That to me is part of being a great champion, a great human being. Arnie's a real hero. Nicklaus is the same way. I can't see enough of people like that. Wonderful people! Terrific people! I love 'em! That's what keeps me going."

Pressed, Schenkel admits that he has absolutely no intention of slowing down and no target age for retirement. He just plans to roll along until his life is all, and by the looks of his ratings the television audience plans to roll along with him. Plainly there are benefits in the low-key approach, in handing away the best lines, in trying to follow the famous dictum that less is more, at least over the years. As Howard Johnson, learned, you may offer the public 28 delicious flavors, but the biggest seller is still vanilla.

END

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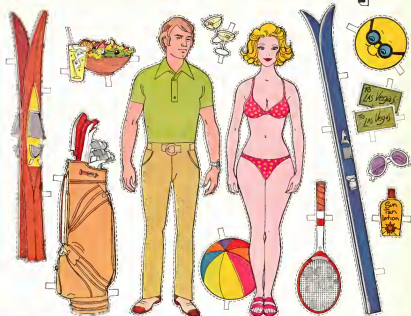
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEASONING

Sirs,

Plaudits to your magazine and excellent staff of writers, specifically Dan Jenkins, Ray Blount Jr. and Ron Reid, on a smashing first-of-the-year issue!

In the Dec. 25 issue, Jenkins (*After the Bowl*), the *Play* gave us an outline of what and who to look for in the upcoming bowl games. In his sequel (*On Double about Bowl's Champ*) he enlightened those of us who watched but did not see, graphically plotting the progress of the major collegiate carnivals.

Blount's idiomatic narrative (*6 for the Dwell Bowl and All These Other Champs*) of the grueling fan's tumultuous weekend perfectly described the limbo we all encountered trying to keep track of the rest of the barrage of bowls.

I must also give praise to Reid's consistently illuminating reports on professional football. Each article is a brilliant trade, uniquely written.

In my next life, given a choice in my rebirth, I wish to be reincarnated as a staff writer for *SI*. I do envy their positions. Bravo on 1973's best issue, proof of why *SI* is the best-selling and best magazine of its kind.

MARY LOE DIAS

Spotswood, N.J.

Sirs,

I certainly enjoyed Dan Jenkins' report on the big college bowl games, and in regard to his first paragraph I agree USC has entrained, surely outclassed and outplayed all other competitors this college season. According to many of the previews, USC wasn't supposed to break into the top 10. Three cheers for USC, Coach John McKay and A. D. Davis.

JIM WILSON

Princeton, W. Va.

Sirs,

How could you have the gall to include the Orange Bowl mismatch between two second-rate teams, Nebraska and Notre Dame, as a major football contest and use a follow-up article to ridicule several victorious teams that participated in superior bowl games? I'm sure you gained few friends with your derisive reporting, which made *Sports Illustrated* seem to appear to be the most deserving object of ridicule.

A. J. HUGHES

Fort Myers, Fla.

Sirs,

As a Notre Dame fan since 1953 who criticizes Dan Jenkins every time he criticizes Notre Dame, I would like to thank him for the mercy he showed after Notre Dame's

disgraceful performance in the Orange Bowl. In fact, he showed too much mercy. The Parsippany-led "Fighting" Irish can't hold their own against good teams. LSU, USC and Nebraska have blown them off the field. Mr. Jenkins would have been telling it like it was by saying the Irish (and I hate to admit it) are overrated.

San Francisco

DAN PIENNETTI

ABE LEMONS' TOURNEY

Sirs,

I would like to thank you for the fine article (*Whoooping It Up in Endin County*), Jan. 8) on the 49ers of Long Beach. I disagree with only one phrase in your article and that's the very last one: "What Long Beach was missing was one good Endin." All of us 49er fans know what you meant by that remark, but this year Long Beach will dethrone the so-called mighty Bruins from Westwood for the simple reason that Long Beach is the better team.

JERRY DE KLERK

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs,

We very recently moved to "Endin County" from Chicagoland and had the great pleasure of attending the All-College basketball tournament during the holidays in Oklahoma City.

What a big plus for moving here to see exciting basketball in the beautiful Myriad with no hassle getting there, parking or getting out again. And what fun it was to read Curry Kirkpatrick's piece, which surely told it like it was.

MRS. ROBERT A. SMITH

Enid, Okla.

Sirs,

Thank you for the article. Curry Kirkpatrick calls Abe I. Lemons "the funniest man in the whole sport." My wife and I met Abe on an Olympic tour last year. We suspect he is the funniest man in our sport.

SEAN NORRIS

Oakland

Sirs,

As one who has had the pleasure of knowing Abe Lemons for a number of years, I found Curry Kirkpatrick's article most enjoyable. Mr. A. I. Lemons is a one-in-a-million guy. I'll never forget.

I think one thing may have been overlooked in the face of the levity of Curry's article, though. In addition to being a wit and a humorist of unparalleled proportions, Abe is one of the most astute students of the game of basketball I have ever known.

While I was working my way through

Oklahoma City University, I had to fill a physical education requirement. Because I enjoyed Abe so much, I signed up for his class in basketball techniques. I had visions of class after class chock full of the coach's jokes and yarns. The humor was there, all right, that was much a part of Abe as his accent and half-smoked cigar. However, I also learned during that class that this man could quote, word for word, passages (sometimes for paragraphs at a time) from the college basketball rule book. He also had an in-canny knack for remembering minute details of some games that took place 15 to 20 years ago.

Despite his talk about his "Endins," Abe treated every man fairly and never did one of his vengeful experience diversions because of racial alterations. He also placed a very high value on education and insisted that his players spend a designated amount of time each night studying in the school library.

Although I never played basketball for Abe, I knew quite a few men who did. I think that most of them would agree, after looking back on the experience, that Abe is an exceptional person, on and off court.

STEVEN WHITMAN

Des Moines

MONTREAL'S LINE

Sirs,

I was really happy to see that *SI* finally gave Jacques Lemaire (*Up Against a Shop-Shadow*, Jan. 8) his fair share of credit. Mark Melnyk did his usual excellent job of reporting on one of the many sharpshooters in the greatest of all sports. But I was shocked that a magazine like *SI* could make the obvious mistake of saying that the Lemaire-Cournoyer-Lefley line leads the NHL in scoring when simple arithmetic and common sense indicate that the French Connection of Penicelli-Martin-Rebert is No. 1. Nice article otherwise.

ROBERT T. SMITH

Buffalo

• At the time, the two lines were co-leaders at 60 goals each. —ED

AD IN FOR TENNIS

Sirs,

I applaud the selection of Billie Jean King as Sportsman of the Year. I also applaud her very sound comments on the reluctance of male pro tennis players to lace up to the pressure of the sudden-death tiebreak of VASSS, the Van Alen system (*The Ball vs. Two Different Courts*, Dec. 25).

The VASSS 9-point tiebreak is now virtually standard in the U.S. in all but WC1 events, it was used in the U.S. Grass Court

round



Left to right: Carolyn Salisbury, Bill Thomas, Charlie Hillard, Jr. (World Champion Male Pilot), Gene Soucy, Art Scholl, Tom Poberezny, Mary Gaffaney (World Champion Female Pilot).

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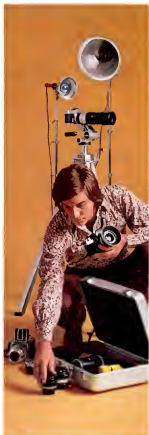
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a major in the Air Force during World War II, he's devoted much of his time to civic activities.

In November, Bill was elected to the Kansas State Legislature from the 113th District. His platform—to work for that area's economic development.

Along with many others, he helped establish the Barton County Junior College near Great Bend. And for two years, he served as president of its Endowment Association, whose goal is to make sure no young person in the surrounding area will go without an education because of lack of money.

With this emphasis on civic activities, does Bill Southern find time for selling insurance? He must, because he's a four-time member of the Million Dollar Round Table, has received the National Sales Achievement Award twice, and consistently qualifies for Occidental's Leading Producers Club.

If you'd like to become an Occidental agent, write to Bill Stannard at the address provided on the opposite page.

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19TH HOLE railroad

Championships in '70, '71 and '72 and in both the men's and women's intercollegiate championships.

If pro tennis is to be the senior stage of the sport and lead younger players to new levels of excellence, as pro hockey, pro football and pro baseball have done in this age of television, then men professionals, as well as women, must seize upon improvements, face challenges and take pressure as a matter of course. To graduate from amateur to professional is to welcome challenge and create competition and drama—not hide behind a tedious two-point margin that drags the game out unpredictably, confuses spectators, upsets schedules and hence is unsuitable for television. A professional who fears pressure is not worthy of the name.

Bille Jean King and the girls have gone for VASS—sudden death—all the way in the game and the set because it creates more exciting tennis. When she says, "Let's score games 1-0, 2-0, and so on. A game should be four points, no deuce-od, forget it," she's telling the WCT to grow up and drop a 700-year-old outdated system made up by monks for scoring a different game altogether. Will the time come when women will be the only tennis professionals on TV?

NORM D. HOYT

Middletown, R.I.

ACC ACTION

Sirs:

Ron Firmit's article *Cry Wolf to Carolina* (Dec. 25) was excellent, except for one point that he didn't discuss. While he was building North Carolina State mountain-high, he forgot to mention that the University of North Carolina was without 6' 7" supersophomore Don Washington, who was averaging 21.3 points per game. He was out with an injured foot, but will be back in time for the real conference race. Note, too, that North Carolina's first-team All-Conference Guard George Karl, who was averaging over 19 points a game, had to sit out almost three-fourths of the State game due to foul trouble. Send the Pack back.

SCOTT PRESSLEY

Lands, N.C.

Sirs:

I really enjoyed your account of the Big Four tournament in Greensboro, N.C. I was able to attend the games, and your article was a great complement to the action. I now feel even stronger than ever that the Atlantic Coast Conference is the best in college basketball, despite what other coaches have had to say. The ACC seems to be getting stronger and better balanced each year. Congratulations to Ron Firmit for a fine story on four of the best teams anywhere.

EPHRAIM POWERS

Windsor, N.C.

KING NATE

Sirs:

Thank you for writing such a great article on the little one-man wrecking crew of Kansas City-Omaha, Nate (The Great) Archibald (*He's Not Merely a Passer Fancy*, Dec. 18). One has to wonder where the Kings would be without him. With his high-scoring contribution every night, the other players could almost fall asleep on the court. It is amazing that a man of his size can dominate the game as he does. Peter Carry has got a winner.

RAFAEL RICHMOND

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I would like to thank Peter Carry for his article and James Drake for great photographs of Nate Archibald, who will be the next Most Valuable Player of the NBA.

GARY MYERS

Marshall, Mo.

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article. For a little man in a big man's game to be leading the league in scoring and assists is spectacular. Although I am not a Kansas City-Omaha fan, I keep up with Nate Archibald.

SONNY YOUNG

Norfolk, Va.

RODGE'S QUEEN

Sirs:

Finally, an article on the annual Miss Rodeo America contest in Las Vegas (*Here She Is, Miss Rodeo America*, Dec. 11). Alice Higgins gave a humorous and informative account of the contest, to the delight of us rodeo lovers. For once there is a contest held for girls that doesn't judge only the figure. Let's have some more articles like this.

KEVIN OFFNER

Urbana, Ill.

Sirs:

How could you write an article about the Miss Rodeo America contest and neglect to mention the girl who was first runner-up, Miss Rodeo Montana Bobbi Wirth? Your oversight was an unfortunate slight to a very charming young lady. On the other hand it may have been to Bobbi's advantage not to be mentioned in an article that made the Miss Rodeo America contestants look like a bunch of hacks. We would like to assure Alice Higgins and your readers that this most certainly is not the case.

DOUG RITTER
ROGER SANDLAND
BOB PASHA
BRETE THREAU
JIM BARKNIGHT
TOM EGGENSERGER
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Bozeman, Mont.

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18TH HOLE continued

MAILED TO ORDER

Sirs

Regarding your Dec. 11 article *In a Happy Hunting Ground* by J. D. Reed, the Catalog Freak, I want to thank you for showing me—and the world at large—that this so-called aberration of Reed's (and mine) is the one true mark of the outdoors shopper.

While my intention is not to one-up Mr. Reed, I happen to point out that my wife and I purchase virtually everything we need from catalogs, including many foods, most clothing, gifts, books, auto tires, shoes and boots, cigars, pipes, knives, etc.

Your readers should definitely be made aware of this surefire manner of leisurely shopping.

MICHAEL O'DONNELL

Wise, Va.

Sirs

J. D. Reed should take a look at the 1977 Orvis Catalog, color plates of more than 209 flies, more than 75 rods, plus reels, lines, vests, waders, Nivana—but no hash jacket.

Serious fly-fishermen already know about the Orvis Catalog, where the bamboo rod comes first.

Serious Catalog Freaks know that Orvis has been around since 1856, that outdates Mr. Reed's 1967 "enlightenment" by 111 years.

JEFFERY R. HILLS

The Orvis Company, Inc.,

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ANOTHER VIEW

Sirs

To continue in the vein of Jim Martenhoff and Dan Yahr's thesis that no matter where you are on the world's oceans you are always going uphill (Scorecards, Dec. 11), I would like to point out that in fact the contrary is the case. Since a boat always stands (or sits) vertically along a line determined by the pull of gravity, which is always toward the center of the earth, his line of sight will be a perpendicular to this vertical or a tangent to the curve of the water. Thus, no matter in which direction he is looking, the water will curve down from his line of sight, and movement in all directions will, happily, be downhill from wherever he happens to be. Rather than always having to pass over the crest of the ball with the crest always moving ahead of you, you are always riding on the top of the crest.

MARVIN BUCKLEY

Arcadia, Fla.

Address: editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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